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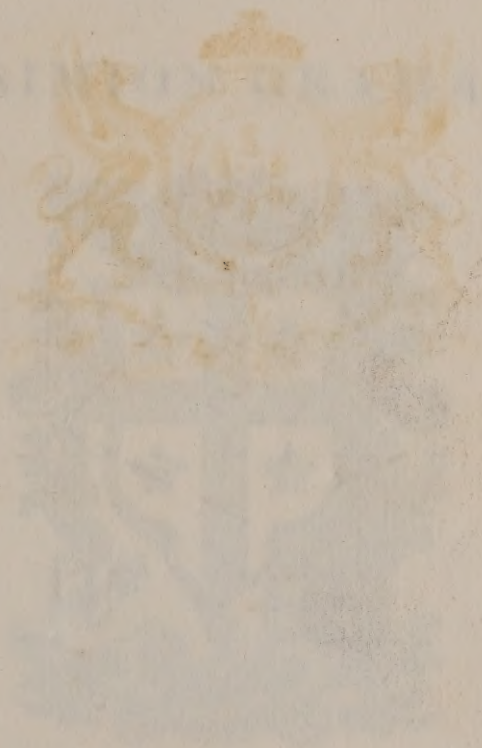


ANATOMIE OF HUMANS

THE PASSIONATE SPARK

RELENTING MIND

BY SIMON D. FINE



PRINTED BY ANDREW SALMON & CO.
LONDON

THE
ANATOMIE OF HUMORS,
AND
THE PASSIONATE SPARKE
OF A
RELENTING MINDE,
BY SIMION GRAHAME.



EDINBURGH:
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-

NOTICE.

SIMION GRAHAME, the author of this volume, was the son of Archibald Grahame, a burghess of Edinburgh, and he appears to have been born in that city about the year 1570. He was indebted, for a liberal education, to the patronage of James the Sixth, who, in 1580, presented him, by a letter under the privy seal, to the prebendary of Brodderstanis for his "sustentatioun at the scolis for sevin yeiris."¹ On the expiration of this grant in 1587, his Majesty again presented our author to the same prebend "for all the dayes of his lyfytyme—his Hienes willing that the said Simion suld not be disapointit of sum ressonable sustentatioun to interteny him at the scuillis."² It is more than probable that Grahame was by these means enabled to complete his education at the University.

The personal history of our author from this period is nearly a blank, and the few scattered notices which remain regarding him, scarcely afford materials for an outline of his story. There is reason to suppose that during the earlier part of his career, although he enjoyed a considerable reputation for learning, his character in other respects was little calculated to secure the respect of his contemporaries. Sir Thomas Urquhart describes him as "a great

¹ Register of Presentations to Benefices, 29th July 1580.

² Ibid, 26th March 1587.

traveller and very good scholar, as doth appear by many books of his emission ; but being otherways too licentious, and given over to all manner of debordings, the most of the praise I will give him, will be to excuse him, in these terms of Aristotle—*Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.*"¹

Even were this account of Grahame's licentiousness altogether free from that tone of exaggeration which so generally pervades the writings of the Knight of Cromarty, we have the testimony of Dempster in favour of the piety of his maturer years. "Simon Graimus," says this learned writer, "honesto loco natus Edinburgi, taedio vitae solutioris, cui se diu mancipaverat, vocanti tandem Spiritui Sancto paruit, et religiosum S. Francisci de Paula habitum induit, diemque extremum magna pietatis opinione, dum patriae suae prodesse vult, finivit."² If Grahame speaks his own sentiments in *The Sorrowful Song of a Converted Sinner*, his character is faithfully given in this passage.

According to his own testimony, the course of Grahame's life was by no means prosperous. He was at different periods a traveller, a soldier, and a courtier ; and in these various characters he appears to have experienced *the inconstant wavering of an ever changing fortune*. "My peregrinations," he remarks in an *Epistle Dedicatorie* to the Earl of Montrose, "enlarged my curiositie, my souldiers estate promised to preferre mee, and the smiles of Court stuffed my brains with manie idle suppositions." But none of these hopes were realized. The circumstances under which Grahame left his country, *to walke on foreigne fieldes forlorne*, are unknown ; but they were probably not fortunate, as in his lines *From Italy to Scotland his soyle*, and in

¹ *Jewel*, p. 122.

² Dempsteri *Hist. Eccles. Gentis Scotorum*, p. 328.

His Passionado when he was in pilgrimage, he not only describes himself as an exile, but writes under the influence of those feelings of sorrow and depression, inseparable from a long protracted and reluctant absence from our native land :

Amidst my sorrowing greef,
My wandring in exyle,
Oft looke I to that arth, and sais,
Farewell, sweete Britains Iyle !

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Grahame appears to have returned to Britain, and to have resumed his literary pursuits under the auspices of his earliest patron, James the Sixth, to whom he dedicated a small collection of poems published at London in 1604, under the title of *The Passionate Sparke of a Relenting Minde*. The work is printed in quarto, and in a highly ornamented style for the period. The letter press is throughout encompassed by rich and fanciful xylographic borders, of which specimens accompany the title page and dedication of the present reprint of the *Passionate Sparke*. The merit of Grahame's poetry is inconsiderable, and perhaps the extreme rarity of the volume in which it is contained, forms the best apology for thus introducing it to the notice of the Club.

In 1609, we find Grahame publishing at Edinburgh, *The Anatomie of Hvmors*, consisting of prose interspersed with verse. The object of this curious work is very clearly indicated by its title, and the general character of the book is truly delineated in the address to the reader. " Be what thou wilt who reades this Treatise, be sure to finde thy selfe set downe in a true fashion. I have taken the paines to paint thy portrate ; if thou finde thy selfe in faire colours, then be carefull how to entertaine thy selfe in the true luister ; if thou finde thy selfe in filthie colours, wash,

clainge, and purge thy selfe from such pestiferous blots, which even infects thy very soule, and makes thee loathsome to the sight of God. I have searched thy feasted wounds, I have bared thy vlcered sores, and for feare of putrifying cankers I have tainted thee to the very quick." The *Anatomie of Hvmors* is evidently the production of a mind disgusted with the world—familiar only with the darker views of human nature—and accustomed to dwell upon its most unamiable features. Chiefly occupied in the delineation of vice in all its varieties, the general tone of the work is severe, sarcastic, querulous and melancholy. Still it abounds in acute observations upon human character, and in lessons of practical wisdom. The diction, although somewhat ambitious and elaborate, has much of the racy eloquence of the *olden time*, and the work undoubtedly affords a very favourable specimen of the didactic literature of Scotland two centuries ago. It has been supposed, and not without probability, that the *Anatomie of Hvmors* may have suggested to Burton the first idea of his incomparable *Anatomie of Melancholie*.

Sir Thomas Urquhart and Dempster represent the publications of Grahame as numerous, but with the exception of the two works composing the volume now presented to the club, none are extant.

Subsequently to the publication of the *Anatomie of Hvmors* Grahame returned to the Continent, and spent the last years of his life as an austere Franciscan. He died, according to Dempster, at Carpentras, in 1614, while on his way again to revisit Scotland.

FEBRUARY, MDCCCXXX.



THE ANATOMIE OF HUMORS:

WRITTEN
By SIMION GRAHAME.

PRO. 21. CAP.

*Euery way of a man, is right in his owne eyes :
but the Lord God pondreth their hearts.*

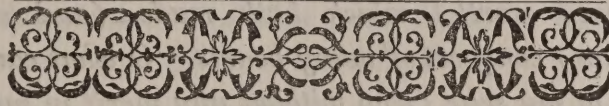


AT EDINBURGH.

Printed by THOMAS FINLASON.

1609.

WITH LICENCE.



TO HIS EVER-
HONOURED LORD
AND MAISTER, MY LORD

GRAHAME, Earle of Montrois, &c.

Con il tempo.



I KE A STORME-
beaten-ship, with many vnfor-
tunate conflicts (in my long-some
journeyes) here and there haue I
still beene tossed, till now at last
I haue arriued to the safe harborie of your Lord-
ships favour: being sore fatigated in my trou-
blesome trauailes, I am very eagerly willing to
be comforted with the rare fruites of your Ho-
nours admired Engine, who with a most gene-
rous spirit, can temper thy greatnes with benig-
nitie, thy Majestie with meekenesse, thy Heroy-
ick minde with courtesie, thy Noble hand with
liberalitie, and thy Herculian-heart with cle-
mencie, such is the inestimable ritches (of thy re-

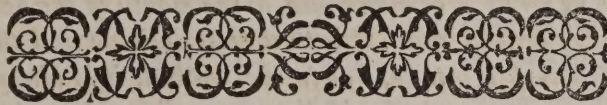
THE EPISTLE

nowned worth) which hath made (and still makes) conquest of many hearts. O what can I say of my selfe (who without any merit in mee) hath so often felt the force of your Lordships loue, I am sorie that I shall neuer be able to value the ritch treasure of such great desert: Good will is all my wealth, and yet my seruice (bound by dutie) craues no thanks. Than most worthie (to be named worthy) Lord, receaue these my Labours as the true tributarie effects of my affection, the beholding of this Humorous world, the strange alterations of Time, and the inconstant wauering of my euer-changing Fortune, will afforde mee no other Subject, it may truly be saide, Fortuna vitrea est, quæ cum splendet frangitur. My peregrinations enlarged my curiositie, my soul-diers estate promised to preferre mee, and the smiles of Court stuffed my braines with manie idle suppositions. Heere abruptly must I needes breake off, fearing least the great occasion of this discourse, make mee forget my selfe, and become tedious in reckoning vp my losse of Time. So in my neuer-ending-loue, I end, wishing your Lordships valour, good fortune, your estate
all

DEDICATORIE.

all happinesse, and that your Honours discretion may sepulchrise this boldnesse of

Your Lordships
euer-obedient seruant,
SIMION GRAHAME.



TO HIS EVER-HONOVRED
LADY, MY LADY COVN-
tesse of Montrois,
&c.

Great is the worth of thy triumphing *Fame*,
With *Faith, Hope, Loue*, in thy sweet soule in-
A endlesse world shall eternise thy name, (shrink,
And crowne the glorious *vertue* of thy mind.

Thy feruent *faith* to Christ is so inclind,
Which makes rich *hopes* vp to the Heau'ns aspire
From thence thy *loue*, descends in ruthfull kinde,
And helps the poore in their distrest'd desire.

Long may thou liue, and long may God aboue
Increase, confirme, reward, *faith, hope, and loue*.

S. GRAHAME.



TO THE READER.



Math. 7.
Chap.

IN A FEARELES HV-
mor, I haue anatomized the humors
of mankinde, to the mouth of the honest
man, it hath a most delicate and sweet
taste, but to the wicked, it is bitter as
gall or wormwood, for if thou be a dissembling hypo-
cite, one of the sect of fleshly and bloudie Gospellers, one
of the generation of Wolues cloathed in sheepe-skins,
which are naught else, but hatchers of deceit, to entrap
soules, inventers of treason to murder Kings, hellish
instruments to ruine Countries, sworne enemies to God,
and diligent factors for the deuill. If thou be a man of
this Catigorie, I hate thee to the very death: but if thou
first be true to God, and next to thy owne Prince: if
thou be faithfull to thy Countrie, if thou judge all men
with equitie in spite of loue or briberie, if thou wrong no
man: and last of all, if thou be all in all a good Chris-
tian, thou art an honest man, & thou art the man whom
I place in my harts hart: if thou be a woman of a mo-
dest behauiour, & discreet in all thy actions, of a chaste
mind, and of a good life, who still aymes at honestie, and
prosecutes all thy desires with the feare of God: it is
thou who is the honest woman, and thou art the woman
whom I honour to the death. Then be what thou wilt
who reades this Treatise, be sure to finde thy selfe set
downe

To the Reader.

downe in a true fashion, I haue taken the paines to paint thy portrate, if thou finde thy selfe in faire colours, then be carefull how to entertaine thy selfe in the true Luister, if thou finde thy selfe in filthie colours, wash, clainge, and purge thy selfe from such pestiferous blots, which euen infects thy very soule, and makes thee loathsome to the sight of God. I haue searched thy feasted wounds, I haue bared thy vlcered sores, and for feare of putrifying cankers I haue tainted thee to the very quick: so to keepe thy weaknes in a good temper, I haue applied this Cataplasme, to appease thee of all thy paines: I am surely perswaded, that these my labors shal merit thanks of the vpright man who loues God, obedient to his King, and is true to his Country, and that the good report of the righteous shall guard me, from criticall barking of wicked malice, and I am assured, that the honest Matron, the wife true to her husband, and the chaste virgin will euer party me, and euer be ready to countercheck the detracking reports of the shamelesse woman, whilst my reuenge shall be with silence, and simple patience to smile at neuer-blushing-impudence. To conclude, I onely expect to be quarrelled with the deceitfull villaine, whom I will proue to be an arrant Knaue: if thou challenge me, I scorne to be a Coward, and therefore I will answer thee. So I shall euer rest thy hatefull Enemy, and the honest mans Seruant to the death.

SIMION GRAHAME.

TO HIS EVER-
HONOURED LADY,
MY LADY COVNTESSE
of *Erroll*.

Sweet Lady looke & grant this begd-for-grace,
My seruile *Muse* doth craue vpon her knees,
Now here she comes before thy sacred face,
And of her Labours makes a sacrificees,
Then ouer-spread them with thy glorious eyes,
Let luster faire inrich my rurall rime,
Thou hast the power (great Potent) if thou plees,
To register my verse in endlesse time,
If quicknes of thy wit finde any crime,
In thy discretion sepulchrize my wrong,
For why thou know'st my *Muse* in youthfull prime
Did what she could to please thee in her song:
Great is the glory of my wish'd-for-gaines,
If deereft *Dame*, thou patronize my paines.

S. GRAHAME.



THE ANATOMIE OF HVMORS.



SILKE VVORME

first eateth it selfe out of a very little feed, and then groweth to be a quick creature: a while after, it is fed and nourished vpon fresh and greene leaues, then it comes to a greater quantitie,

and againe, it eates it selfe out of that coat, and worketh it selfe in a coate of filke ingendred full of small feede for many young ones to breed of; in the end it leaues the flugh of filk for the Ornament of mankinde: And last of all, it dieth in the shape of a white winged flye. A King may be compared to the filke worme, which first of the earth becommeth a creature, and then being fed & nourished vpon the grace, favour, and mercie of God, with the loue, feare, and obedience of his subjects; he becommeth a King of more kingdomes, and so from kingdome to kingdome he groweth to be an imperiall and free Monarch over many Countries, for him and his posteritie to possesse for ever: in the end, he leaues his vertues education, his good qualities, his vpright justice, his mercie, his compassion on the poore, and his loue to all his

B

people

THE ANATOMIE

people, to be a mirrour to the rest of earthly Kings, one example to his children, and a never decaying Ornament to all his Off-spring: then last of all, he returneth againe to the earth; and his soule cloathed with pure innocent whitenes, flyeth vp to heaven in the beautifull shape of a bright winged Angell. *Who shall ascend* (sayes the Prophet) *into the mountaine of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place? euen he that hath innocent hands, and a pure heart,* who hath not in the rage of crueltie sucked the bloud of innocents, who hath not suffered the greater powers to oppresse his poore Subjects: it is he who extols Iustice, and triumphs in mercie. *O God, this man is he whose glorie is great in thy salvation, both dignitie and honour hast thou laid vpon him:* It is thou, O Lord, who governes all his actions, and still instructs his minde what he shall doe: *Cor regis in manu domini quocunque voluerit inclinabit illud:* Then thou ô earthly King, behold how the great and mightie King of all Kings is thy sure bulwarke, his strength guards thee against the malicious mindes of men, the poysonous Calummie of wicked *vipers* shall not offend thee, nor the subtill hatchers of vnnaturall Treason, shall neuer prevaile against thee, because God assures thee of thy life in all thy journeyes by day or by night, he still sayes vnto thee as he said by the voyce of his Angell to *Gideon: Peace be vnto thee, feare not thou shalt not die:* How bold may thou be to build vpon this assurance: if God be with thee, who can be against thee. *Thy anger is like the roaring of a Lyon, he that prouoketh thee to wrath, sinneth against his owne soule.* Who should not tremble at thy furie, & who should not be afraid to offend thee? who dare

21. *Psal.*

Pro. 21.
Cap.

Iudg. 6.

Cap.

Pro. 20.

Cap.

dare calumniate a King, or yet speake against the vp-rightnesse of his justice; God him selfe giues this straite commaund, saying, *Thou shalt not raile vpon the Iudges, neither speake euill of the ruler of the people.*

Exo. 22.
Cap.

Then the Apostle Saint *Paul* tells thee why thou should not doe it: *Because he is the Minister of God to take vengeance on them that doe euill.* I say to thee,

Rom.
13. cap.

O King:

*Thou earthly God, whose ouer-ruling hand
The Scepter swayes, and doth vnsheath the sword.
Now seruile Kingdomes stoupes at thy command?
Who dare controle thy vnrecalled word.*

*Thou, with great glorie of thy triple crowne,
Erecks the good, and throwes the wicked downe.*

God hath anoynted thee a King, and placed thee here on earth to be a God, and to doe right to all men, without respect of persons. God him selfe calls you a God, and commaunds you, saying: *Doe right to the poore and fatherlesse: doe justice to the poore and needie, because I haue said thou art a God:* And therefore be sure that the great God of heaven, will judge you that are Gods on earth: remember how he is to craue a most sharpe reckoning at your hands, therefore how carefull should thou be ever to discharge thy great and waightie charge which hangs over thy head: thou art a ruler of many, and many things will be asked of thee; respect alwayes the poore more then the ritch, and let not the complaints of thy people come to thy eares by the mouthes of thy briborous Minions; call the poore complainer before thee, stay and heare them with patience, and wearie not to examine their wrongs, when thy pittie hath pondred their estate: Pronounce

THE ANATOMIE

sentence with thy owne tongue, then let thy diligent eye see judgement executed, and delay not the poore mans cause, nor let no senistrus request recall thy just resolution. And so shall the teares of the distressed creatures imbalme thy soule, thy righteousnes shall crowne thee, and thy mercie shall set thee on the majesticall Throne of Gods eternall glory! O remember what thou art, where thou art, and what thou shalt be, as I haue said: thou art a King anoynted by God over many people: thou art here on earth a Judge; and thou art to be called before the tribunall seate of God, to giue a reckoning of thy behaviour! O then how narrowly should thou looke to thy journey, how perrilous is thy Prograce? what weightie burthen hangs on thy shoulders, what continuall fashires, what incomprehensible care, and what great memorie craues thy carefull estate? With eyes of wisdomes governe thy sight about thy selfe, and if thou chance to see sheltred vnder thy owne wings, the deceitfull parasite, the male-contented Mutenar, the murmuring whisperer, the detracker of honestie, the invier of vertue, the ambitious oppressour, or the vnmercifull briber: then if thou finde such caterpillars about thee, sweepe them away; because they are consuming cankers to thy state, bloud-suckers of innocents, vessels of treason, and sworne enemies to the true *Vnion* of thy Kingdomes. O sayes the great King of wisdomes, *Take away the wicked men from the King, and his throne shall be stablished in righteousnes.* Shake off all kinde of such infectious scabs, and purge thy companie of such pestiferous euils; keepe ever with the men of truth, and place such men in office as feares God,
and

Pro. 25.
cap.

OF HUMORS.

3.

and loues thee. Let graue and honourable counsailours conduct thee, and guard thy selfe with them. Commaund thou them as God hath commaunded all you that are Kings, *Say ye shall haue no respect of persons in judgement, but shall heare the small as well as the great: ye shall not feare the face of man, for the judgement is Gods*: Thou art the Lieutenant of God, therefore thou should looke well to thy officers, and how they are enclined. A true and faithfull *subject*, who doth the will of his King, is worth the halfe of his Kings kingdom. O sayes *Salomon, the joy and pleasure of a King is in a wise servant*. He putteth the charge of him selfe in his hands, he is the pillar of his state, and executes the actions of his King with a sincere equitie. It is not birth that makes thy subject noble or honourable. The originall of Nobilitie is like a small spring, which good desert makes the gratefull favour of a King to enlarge to a great river, which by bound dutie ought to pay their dutifull tribute to the King their Ocean: but how many are they that becomes ingrate, and swels with pride, ambition, envie, treason, sedition, and emulation, they become rebellious flouds, & overflowes their banks, and in disperfing them selues, looses their name, and becomes ignominious to the world. When such men beholds their owne ruine and swift destruction (which blinde pride did never looke for) then how may their shame smother ambition in a helpelesse repentance, making the eyes of man (which was curious to behold the glorious triumph of their vpraisd pomp) turne with amazement to looke vpon their suddaine fall, this tragicall spectacle of the great mans grovelling on the ground, makes dispaire crie out, *Qui jacet in*

Deutro.
1. cap.

Pro. 14.
Cap.

THE ANATOMIE

terra non habet unde cadit. O how should that man haue his minde tortered within his loathsome bodie, when he beholds how swiftly his glorie hath left him, his honours drowned in disgrace, his salutations turned to contempt: his bare-headed petitioners the spectators of his ruine, and the voice of the world (mixture with loue and disdaine) making many misconstrued suppositions, his friends weepes and laments his estate, his foes smiles, and makes the accidents of his destruction their discourse, whilst he poore rejected soule cries out, *Colocatus sum in obscuris sicut mortuus seculi.* Here is a just reward to an vnjust subject. True service to God, obedience to thee who is King, and vpriht judgement voyd of partialitie nobilitates the man, it crownes him with honour, and makes his glory to shine eternally: blessed is that King who may freely giue his subject this most glorious and honourable *Epithite*, saying, I haue a faithfull servant: this man is he whom the booke of God calls the wise servant, in whom the pleasure and ioy of a King remaines: he boldly tells thee thy error, his wisdom prevents thy euill, he whispers in thy eare, and desires thee to read before thou set thy hand *Litera scripta manent!* O how secure may the just man be in his soule, his safe conscience makes him fearelesse: he hath compassion on the poore, he wrests not the Law, neither hath he any respect of persons, neither taketh he rewards to blinde his vnderstanding, nor yet perverteth he the words of the just man, but ponders the estate of all men with wisdom: this man may truly be called a righteous Iudge: when *Augustus Cæsar* gaue aucthority to any Iudge, he also gaue this advertisement,

Deutr.
16. *Cap.*

ment, *I put not* (sayes he) *the treasure of my honour in thy hands, nor doe I commit my justice to thee, that thou should be a destroyer of people, the bloud-shedder of innocents, nor an executioner of malefactors, but with the one hand thou should maintaine the good, and with the other hand raise vp the euill man from his wickednes. Therefore I send thee forth to be a preceptor and defender of Orphanes, a helper of widowes, a Chirurgion for all wounds, a staffe for the blinde, a pittier of the poore, and a father to all persons. To speake faire to my enemies, and reioice my friends.* O how much is that man to be esteemed, who with a fearelesse regard executes the will of his Prince, and in spite of envious malice, giues a true testimonie of a good conscience: this man is he who is blessed in the sight of GOD, his ritch treasure layes hoarded vp in heaven, the glory of his GOD, the honour of his King, and the weale of his Countrey is the onely contemplation of his soule in this present time: how perrilous is the estate of mankinde: how is the honest mans actions misdeemed, and his behaviour misconstrued, if he be an actour in the affaires of his King and Countrey, then is he censured to be a man of partialitie, and a busie-headed body, if he retire him selfe from Court, and meddle with nothing, then is he suspected to be a *Malevole*, one who expects the change of Court, a suborner, or else a faction-maker: then begins Envie to pick quarrels, Malice will barke and invent false information! O how watchfull should the honest minded man be in this latter dayes of deceit, to saue him selfe from the subtill snares of secret envie. This inconstant world being so full of subtill deceites, in whom can the

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the vpright man trust, how many in externall complementing shoves voves affection, where secret grudge is grounded. And besides, what a quarrellous pick-thank time is it, when a man dares not trust himselfe, but doubts his dearest friend. Some reades so much on Matchavell, that in the end they turne matchlesse villaines; the honest and plaine dealing man is abhorred and termed a Gull, whilst politick they imployes their wits to exploit other mens destruction, when extreame necessitie and miserie of want doth vrge the poore men to steale or rob; then are they presently taken, put in prison, and laid in chaines of iron: But when a politick Matchavilian robs the common wealth, and doth oppresse the poore, he triumphs in golden chaines: it is he who gets the Law-ftouping salutations on the streete: it is he who makes his deceaving pietie, his cut-throat flatterie, his dissimulation to God, to his King and his Countrie, poison the aire. It is he whose vnderstanding could never reach to that imagination, that there can be a God, and it is he, who for a swift passing glory damnes his soule eternally. This sort of men are they whom our Saviour Christ speakes of in the Evangell of S. *Luke*, that they are cloathed in purple, in filke, and in fine linings, well fed, and delicate in all things, in their secure sensualitie they contemne the poore *Lazarus* lying at their gate, they heare not his ruthfull cries, they are blinde, and sees not his sores, their hearts are hardned and considers not his miserable estate. These are they who liues in Kings Courts, *Qui molibus vestiuntur in domibus regum sunt*: In braue apparrell, in pride of life, and choaked with this worlds vaine glory, what

what reckoning shall be taken of such men, and what answer can they make to God Almighty, when he shall say, *Redde rationem vilicationis tuæ*, Give me a reckoning of thy stewardship; and therefore the greater thy place, the greater thy reckoning shall be before God: And the more thy pleasures in this life, the more thy paines shall be in the life to come. O what a terrible sentence giues Christ in the *Apocalips* when he sayes, *Quantum in deliciis fuit, tantum date illi tormentum*. What pleasures hath the rich man had in this world, let him haue as many torments in the world to come. All thy senses which did abound in delectation, shall become most loathsome, thy delicate eares, shall for their sweete musick, receaue most detestable howling of tormented spirits; thy feeling which was vsed to fine linnings, and soft silks, shall feelee the burning fire of brimstone: Thy sight which had the prospect of faire buildings, rich and curious *Architectors*, & pleasant gardings, shall see the ouglie sight of fearfull and terrible diuels; thy diantie gust which did surfet with all sorts of sweetnes, shall be tormented with thirst and hunger; and thy smell which was fed with rare muske, & filled with art of fine odors, shall now be perfumed with stink and sent of most intollerable filthines. This shall be the rewarde given to the rich gluttons of this world. God speaking by his Prophet *Esay*, he bids, *Tollatur impius ne videat gloriam Dei*; Take the wicked man away, that he may not see the glory of God. Then thou who sucks forth the heart-

Luk. 16.

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bloud of the poore, thinke on this, and thou who art a grievous oppressour, looke to thy selfe, or rather thy heart is hardned and can not see, thou triumphs in the abundance of worldly glorie; thy conscience feelles not the forceable stroke of sinne; thy too much sensuality hath made thy soule sensles. But ô when sicknes the fore-running harbinger of agonizing death doeth sease vpon thy bodie, & wils thee to pay that doubtles debt, no suretie will be taken, nor no shifting excuse can helpe thee; thy soule must needs be sequestred from thy bodie, all thy friends will forsake thee, thy flattering troupes which doeth attend thee, will leaue thee, thy pleasures shall loath thee, and in thy loathsome bed shalt thou lye destitute of all comfort; the diuell in most fearefull and terrible forme shall haunt thee, houlding thy haynous finnes before thine eies, and still crying in thine eares, Despaire and dye. What miserable estate shall this be, when thy wicked life layeth this before thee, and telles, This must thou suffer, and this way must thou goe. And when the malediction of the oppressed man, the destressed widow, and fatherles Children, whose ruth-begging-clamours, disturbes the Heavens, and brings thee (O wicked man) to this miserable end. Can thy riches ridde thee, or sette the free from the horrible paines of Hell? Where is the glory of thy wealth and substance nowe? *Divitiarum jactantia quid vobis contulit?* And besides all this, how infamous shall thy name be amongst the Commons still, like a Ten-
nice

nice ball, tossed from mouth to mouth, saying, The most pernicious instrument of our age hath left this worlde; The onely Glutton of Ambition whose insatiable desires coulde never be filde, one who subornde the eare of his Prince, and made him beleue that everie strange face was comde to cut his throat, one whose envy wold suffer no man rise but himselfe. When ever he did marke any aspyring branch, flourish vnder the shining fauour of the King, then did his seditious wittes, and his *Luciferian* pryde, search by all-meanes how to destroy him. This ever byting hound whose teeth was a contagious canker, when his heart was most ful of mischief, then was his tongue most ful of flatterie. O filthie disease of flattery, it were better for a man to follow a dogge, and liue vpon his surfating vomet, then to be a flatterer. O flattery the very intyfyng snare of deceit, vnder the which all kinde of dangers lieth obscured in *Ambush*: to be short he was such a one, that still did impoverish the Kings coffers to inritch his own, he did not loue to se these to whom he was beholden, to al his friends vnthakfull, of all good deeds forgetful, and to al wel-deseruing mindes ingrate. O thou filthie ingratitude, thou art even the very excrament of all evilles, ill faring man, faire ill: I must leaue thee, for my breath is putrified with founding the Trumpet of thy ignominious imperfections. Ryde on thy posting journey, for indeed thou may ride a swift gallop to hell, when thou hast the *Arch-diuell* thy guide to winde his horne before thee, *let him who is h ulcerus*

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shrink at his owne smart, when his sores are serst.

Now as for the yong aspyring gallant, I haue most rare and excellent Collours to paint thy portrate in a trew lustring forme; take Phyfick to ingender thy patience, although my speech be Satyrick, What then? bitter drinkes are goode for the stomack, Therefore come on thou vngratious Boy, for I must haue a bout with thee, Thou chyld of vnthrif, when thy parents gives thee store of wealth, before God giue thee witte to governe: Then be sure thou selst all, pawnst all, and spendst all. How careles art thou of whats to come? Thou never thinkst on want, but playes the *infant perdu* freely, still assuring thy selfe, that thy father hath a fatted Calfe to be kilde at thy Conversion. Vpon the hope of this, thou letst all goe, like the *smoake* of *Tobacco*, or like a soppy billow, which flees from the shell of the walnut, and straight doth vanish in the aire. It may be thy father or mother, hes scraped this substance together with labour, hunger and pinching of their belly: How beggerly perchance hath thy parents lived to provyde for thee? How carefull were they to get it? And how careles how they got it? evill and vnlawfull conqueste makes such Impes of perdition come after and spend all. Thou art like a raging Courser, which runnes without a brydle, or rather like a storme-beaten-ship amidst the Rocks, hauing no Rudder at all. Thou doeth quintiscens thy vnderstanding, and imployes thy wits, leaving no deceit vnfought how to get money. Thou intrudest thy selfe

selfe in the Kings favour, building great authoritie on his smyle; if he grace thee with his eare, then becōmest thou homely, bold, and audacious lying, cogging and flattering, that the behoulders and hearers may thinke thee a trew and perfite Courtier in deed. By this meanes, many men employes thee to speak to the Prince in their affaires, futes, cōplaints and requests, are put in thy hands. What is offered thee for thy paines? Thou wilt doe nothing till thou get halfe, or all in hand; then thou selst the poore mans fute to some other, and so makes thy shifiting delayes excuse thy shameles deceit. If thou be sometyme altogether out of money, thou calst thy wits to a reckoning, and then disguises thy selfe in some strange apparels; and on the hie way will rob the passenger of his purse. *A King may giue honor of knight-hood, but he can not giue moyen to maintaine it.* After thy robbery, then come to Court with thy bolde erected face, and an impudent gesture most majesticall, to maske thy rogish villany. In a vagabounding humor, thy nights are spent in whowring; so thou makst thy bawdrie & spending in a Bordell increase thy reputation, and then thy lecherous life makes the blew circle vnder thy eye, tell the world how much thou art over-spent in substance of bodie. Besides all this, the Paliards token which thou caries of a Merfenary woman, is most pleasant for the Apotecharie, and very profitable for the Barber. Thou affirmest thy self to be of the *Iudayecall* law, and much more in going beyond the *Iew* in thy vpright *Circumcision*. Notwithstanding,

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ding of all this, every Ladie in the Court, must be thy mistres; but thy chief choise is a gallant, and most quick-witted Lady, whose experience knows what duety belongs to the quiet opening of a back doore, perfumed smocks, a whispering voice, and cloath-shooes, & who in a *veneryan* discourse, with the want of shame, will make her fan serue to cover the bloudles blush of her never blushing face; thy want of purpose is supplied with many apish triks, and in thy interluds doth praise her mistaken beautie, affirming, that it is not painting makes her faire, nor that her perfumd breath giues delicacie to the smel, no thou swerest Nature hes done al. The crew of vnthrifs are thy comrades, such cumpanions as hes made *compaction* with the diuell to ride poste to hel: when thou comcest to a taverne, and enters in the second degrie of drunknes, then playest thou the *Rodomontado*, and in thy *Orlando Furioso* humor, calls for *Oceans* of wyne, a world of *Tobacco*, and whole mountaines of *fuger*: who wil refuse to carouse thy mistres helth, then is he called the son of a howre, the wine thrown in his face, & straight cartalisde to a combat; thou must be stout and out-swagger al, & still curse the coelestiall signes which are not in *Cancer* or *Scorpio*, to the effect thou may let out thy colerick bloud, in thy swearing most horrible, so that the greevous terror of oathes, makes the haire of the hearers head stand right vppe; when the host brings thee a reckoning, then thou wilt sweare to pay all, and so takes it in trust, for I grant it is the true pendeckles of gentilitie, to black bookes with
recko-

reckonings, to hunt with dogs, to play at dyce, and dally with drabs, and sometime to make a cuckold of thy furnisher: when a married man becomes a Monster, what kinde of glory is it to see him walk on the streets, with a pair of egregious erected hornes, and every one poynting their finger at his horned-worship. Thou art of no Religion, but a meere *Athiest*, then assure thy selfe to liue vnquerrelled, thy rouble and large conscience will make thee to escape excommunication, because the Libertine goes alwayes frie; yet for all this thou goest to Church for fashion sake, and makes thy seeming pietie weare thy breeches on the knees, as the young Lawyer goes to the house of Justice, and without profit, weares the fore-breast of his gowne on the Bar, so that he is forst to make a former cloak of the posterior parte: All this miserie proceeds of the want of Clyants, and fearfull complainours, who dares not trust the defence of their action in the hands of such a skil-wanting Novice. Thou imitating all kinde of strange humors, still becomes inconstant in thy cloathes: Thy traffick is with the Lumbard, thou makes it thy *Gwarda robba*, and thy serce is amongst the *Phrepyres*, and oft-times a purpose thou stayest from Court a prettie while, that occasion may offer thee to returne with a newe fashion of cloaths, not vnlike a Cittizens young wyfe, who in curious pryde of a newe-fangling *Humour*, will take the advantage to change her buske vwhen she

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ſhe comes from her child-bed. If thou haſt any thing, ſell, pawne, borrow, and begge, to buy knight-hood; thy wife muſt haue a hooſe, and be called Madame, although thou and ſhe ſhould liue beggerlie, and lay the moſt parte of your cloaths in lavender, to maintaine the naked ſtyle; it is a baſe ambition, which brings nothing with it but the bare name. Povertie maks ſuch ſort of people turne Cunny-catchers, take vp commodities, skambell, beg and borrow of their betters, and ſtill liue by the tryall of their wits, attended on by brokers, who ſpares not to ſeek & ſerch be al means to know who will giue their money out for intreſt, making large and fair promiſes, damning his ſoule to confirme his lyes, till at laſt with vowes and oathes, he deceaues his neighbour; and that which an honeſt man hes gathered with great paines, and longſome travell, gotten and ſcraped together, to maintaine him and his family: Then is it put in the hands of a deceitfull villaine, who never thinks to repay a penie of it. How ſoone his credit is loſt? then is he gone, and becomes bankerout. So is many a poore man left with his wife and children to make new ſhift, this is a voluntarie robberie, which a good conſcience could never yet excuse. The *ſerjants* attends like pages of honor vpon ſuch careles vn-thrifts, whoſe eares are ever attending, *I arreſt you ſir*. The dambd Crew, and the ſwaggering Confort of companions, hants commonlie about the Court and capital Citties, and waits on Taverns, the ordinaries, ſtage-playes, tilting, balling, and revelling,

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so are they at all sorts of conventions, and with cunning authoritie becomes pocket-ferfers, and purfpykers, their promynado is in some other parte like *Pauls Church at London*, where many poore gentlemen dines with Duck *Vmphra*, and then comes to the streets Spaniard-like with an emptie bellie, piking his teeth; in this abused place, these imps of vn-thrifts makes their meetings, and there invents new stratagems how to get fresh money; some by horse, and some by foote, will walk like night Owls on the fields, waiting scollers comming from their friends, farmorers coming to *London*, marchants going to mercats, & lawiers coming from the visitation of their clyants, and so transforming the word of *God saue you sir*, in *Rander your purse sir*, they become obfolut commanders. O they haue no revenues of lands, this purchase makes them go gallant in faire cloathes, & entertain an horse & a whore, & sometime for necessitie sake, himselfe will be *Pandor*; of what proceedes all this villany? It is true, the King hath no warres, nor wil not grant Commiſſioners, nor letters of Mark for the sea, every Galies and Galias lying idle and waist without flaues, so that my Lord Cheif Justice is forst to fill prisons, and flourish *Tyburn* with the lewd confort of this dambd Crew. These sparkes of perdition, caries the name of Gentle-mens sonnes, hauing great revenues and rents, and for the most parte are calde Capitaines, or else Lewtenants; aske him where he was made Capitaine, he will presently answere in eighty eight, that time when the king of *Spains* great

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Armado

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Armado was overthrowne; or else in *Ireland*, when the Earle of *Essex* was generall. O to heare them tinkle a discourse of valour, what great *bravados* (as the *Spaniard* sayes) *Que son Mais los amenazados, que los acuchilla dos*, and how they kill men be apprehension, leads on troupes, and never takes them off againe, *Como vno Spanzola Rodamontado*, that sayes, his beard grew with smock of muscats, and the haire of his head decayde with the noyse of Cannons: such sorte of men makes the winde of their stomack become firme aer, so that every word (by selfe confate, and a lying discourse) appeares in his owne minde a braue man. These are the men who affirms *transmigratioune*, and makes it the chief Article of their beleif, as when he sayes, *Bota a dios io sta hidalgo Nassido*, So by imagination, he is the most valorous man that ever lived, he will haue a ragement, and all his Souldiers must haue Monarchs minds; all his drums must be made of kings skinnes, and presentlie he will vow and sweare that his sword shall kill none except it be Cornels, Capitaines, e *Cavelleros muy honorados*. What man of a soled wit wolde not smile to heare such base Cowards discourse, and chiefly in a Taverne, or else in a bordell amongst *whowres*: away with such cogging villains, which are naught els but the very excraments of mankinde. What may be thought of the buffie headed man, who ranges from Countrie to Countrie, he haunts Courts, and becomes a spy, still curious to search newes and verie diligent to knowe the secrets of all estates; in this point

point he proves a rare intelligencer, and so much the more by ingyring himselfe with hanging on the companie of young and light-headed Courtiers, with a counterfoot gesture, still plaufible to their *idle humors*, at his comming to towne before he come to Court, he takes his lodging in the sub-vrbs and inqyres for the *Phreprey*, and then, be sure he will enter like a *Polonian*, a *Sweish*, or a *Fleming*; But ô how swiftlie will he be chainged in ane *Italian*, a *French*, or else in a *Spanish* sute? In this new Metamorphus, hee comes bouldlie to the streete, and makes his promynad towardes the Court, preffing (as it were) to accompanie his vnacquainted apperrell with a borrowed gesture, making the world poynte at his ould garment, furnished with newe fashions, till some poore Gentle-man take notice of his owne late pawnded sute. Then (even then) beginnes povertie to make the true owner blushe at the Bastarde behaviour of baifnes it selfe, whilst the boy of the *Phreprey* is sette to attend on his hyrde apperrell, and still to remember the stranger to come back, and make restitution, and that he may leane off the wal, and alwayes keepe his cloathes cleane. When he circuits the Palace, he scornes to be ashamed, but needs will intrude himself amongst Gentle-men and Ladies, then beginnes Curiositie to inqyre what's he? O sayes one, he is a Traveller, a man of a most rare wit, and of a very quick discourse, he is an Heretick Poet, who can ryme *extempore*, Mitolat-lynes, Stropyat-verses, with

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Ther's no Relax for your Eternall curſſe:

*Then curſt be Court, thou monſtrous Map of Hell,
Where enuy, pryde, and treaſon loues to dwell.*

O Time, what a pretious thing art thou to be thus abuſde and wrongde with ſo many? When thou art loſt, who can finde thee? When thou art gone, who can recall thee? How happie are they who employes thee well, and ſpends thee not in hunting idle and vncertaine toyes? What a pittie is it to ſee braue ſpirites ſo careles of time, and ſtill waſting of their wits in vaine? Conſuming their youthfull yeares in ſuch ſlauiſh ſervice, where vertue could never harbour, and at laſt guardond with ingratitude, how oft hath the cowardlie flatterer copen in favor, and caught the gallant mans rewarde? O but the diſgrace of indiſcretion pertaines to the diſtributer, & not to the wel-deſerving man. Let the man whoſe meriet is great, put on Patience, croſſe his armes, and ſmyle at ſhameles ingratitude, what a ſhame is it for ſuch as are borne to great ritches, and yet wants nobilitie! O to be noble now in theſe dayes, it is thought to be prodigal, and ſo the hearts of higher powers, are tranſformed in the hearts of avaritious vſurers, who makes their Gould their God; he houlds his hand faſt, his blinde pryde, and voluntarie forgetfulnes, thinks every man bound by duetie to ſerue and doe his vtermoſt, without ſo much as thinks, How ſhall braue men in this miſerable extremitie liue, or keepe goode cloathes on his back? ſeing his ſervice is all his revenues, Poore man, he is forſt to goe ſeek
his

his fortune be some other meanes. Because when he goes to the warres, every Capitaine will be his Comrad, and if his courage deserue honor, he shall get it, and what he hath by hazard is sweete content, he gets *elbo-roume* to eat his meate, he needs not lay downe his cloak in vaine to sit at the great-mans table, for if there wants rouse, he must stand like the pillar of salt which *Lots* wife was turned in, or else steale to his cloak, and stay for the latter meate, where never yet was ceremony of sitting downe, for he that comes first, sits first, and then sits like one flightred in rops, if he holde not his hand on his trinsler, hee may be robd whilst he drinks, if he eates at leasure, he may be sure to rise with an empty belly; if he be hungrie, he must swallow all with vncivilitie, and put himselfe in perrell of chocking. I think the stomack of a latter-meate-man, and the stomack of a dog, must be very like of digesture, and their throats of a like measure, for they without vse of their teeth swallows all. At hunting, after the Deere is kild and cward, then is his intrals throwne to the hounds, whose greedie appatide, and eager strife, without regarde, flabring the guts about their eares, and every one pulling from another gormounds filth and all. In treuth me thinks, there is nothing in similitude, can come so neare the forme of a Courtiers latter-meat break-fast, the savage rudnes of such creatures, tels modestie, that they never learned, *Quos decet in mensa mores servare docemus*, They are altogether ignorant of civill instructions, their quick expedition,

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tion, makes their patience cry, either a shorte grace, or else no grace at all. O what a heauey crosse is it for an honest heart to liue in such a graceles and flauishe life, let him serue, waite, ryd, all is in vaine, and without profite. Beholde the Catigorie of whisprers. One will round in his Lords eare an errant lye; another forge and invent a flattring discourse to please the humor of his masters minde; some will doe no good service except it be in fight, that he may gaine thanks, and the villane proues naught else but a pyk-thank knaue, and a back-byter of his dearest companions. I wonder but some of the wiser sort of noble men, shold ponder and consider very wel, sic villanie, and stil grace the pyk-thank with a listning eare, take good-heed to his detracting discourse, and ever ayme at all his actions with a diligent eie, protect his knaverie with a smyle, why? because such men are *mali necessarij*, ô but good my lord, beleue him not without great triell, take a reckoning of his relation, and keep not malice in a misconstring minde towards an honest man, if it be a mater of importance, which concerns both honour and credit, then spare not to call the suspected man before thee, and aske him in secracie, if this or that be true, if thou findest any knavery, either be malice, or be just tryell, guerdone the honest man with honour, and casseir the knaue with shame, contrare-poyson such consuming cankers, & keep not such venomous *vipers* in thy company, but stil away with favors of discention, and breeders of mutanie, for how can a cittie stand

stand, or yet hold out against the enemie, when it is devided in it selfe: Or if the members of thy bodie be creisd or feistred with filthy sores; thou who is the head, can never be well; thy followers are thy guard; and therefore thy guard that guards thee should be found and of one minde, accompanied with loue one to another, without envie, grudge, or malice: and aboue all things, they should carie a great and awfull respect, to thee who is their onely head and maister: thy glory is to see all that attends thee in good equipage; and it is thy shame to see men that corrupts good maners, to bide in thy companie, or to attend thy person. The honest gesture decores the grosnes of the apparrell, but evill education would spoile a diadem. If thy servant or retainer, after two or three admonitions refuse instruction, decard him, and let him goe: because simple ignorance can be no excuse to arrogant wilfulnes, be curteous to thy friend, and still be noble to thy followers. Because they who attends thee, are as strengthie pillars of thy estate, and without them thou can not stand. Be liberall, but no wayes prodigall, and as a contagious Pest, ever eschew that filthy and detestable vice of *avarice*. Contemne that beggerly *Canalze*, who counsailes thee, to shame thy worth with a niggards minde, great is the great-mans honour, which consists in a wise servant. It is not the discreet holding of a great house, will impoverish thy state. And it is not thy noble heart to thy followers will empty thy cofers: No, it is when the vnthrif in his prodigall humor,

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most vngratiouſly ſpends his rent vpon change of *whores*, and diligent Pandors in ſecret villanie, when the darkned clouds of the quiet night, brings ſilent reſt to the honeſt ſort: even then is the ſparkes of perdition ranging the ſtreetes, and making their ritch triumph in bordels. *O heavens why made thou night to cover ſinne*: it is this and ſuch abuſe as this be, that cankers the ſtate of many a man: theſe abominations breeds many beggers, and drawes down Gods vnreſiſtable wrath vpon them ſelues, their houſe, and their off-ſpring. And againe, how will other miſers ſpend their ritches ſo narrowly, and yet how ſwiftly will it conſume, becauſe God hath not bleſſed their portion; ſome will hoard it vp, and neither hath joy nor comfort of it: they hold in their hand, and with earneſt eyes over-looks every thing niggardly: it is they who ever takes a ſharpe reckoning of the kitchen-*Counts*, and ſtill giues ſtrait command to the Butler and Pantry keeper, betwixt meales to goe take the *aire* in ſome quiet corner, where he can not be found. O theſe be they who ſubſcriues their precepts with a counterſetted *Character*, to the effect the deburſer ſhould not anſwer his Maiſters warrant, but only make payment with ſhifting delayes. Theſe ſort of men weares their cloathes till they weare out of faſhion, and than transformes them in the laſt edition. When this mā is called to any convention cōcerning his King or Country, or yet to pleaſure his friends in any affaires, to eſchew the journey, then be ſure he will haue the meagrim in his head, a paine in his teeth,
ſome

some collick in his intrals, either *Siatike*, or else by guttish, then must his beggerly worship keepe his chamber, & take some *Phisick* to expell the *humor* of expenses: they are alwaies deafe when they heare of any thing that sounds of *asking*: they can never be found in their giving *humor*, but are alwaies starke blind at the sight of the well-deserving man: this ignobilitates *honor*, it crownes *shame*, it treads downe *vertue*, it inthrones *vice*, and makes hellish *ingratitude*, to becom the *triumph of time*. Should a Princely spirit be so base, as not to haue a care of the man whose merit is great: should he haue that ingratfull mind to make a forged fault, rob him of his reward, and then send him to thee yet: or should he haue that vnchristian heart, to let him know of want. O worse (yea ten thousand times worse) then the verie hearts of brute beasts: *Cursed be thou ingratitude*, the chiefe of all euils: fie on such beggerly brefts, which are borne to be Noble, and then containes naught else but pinching *avarice*. *O cancro, le Spalle d'vn huomo da bene non debbono portare la somma di tante injurie*. O it grieues me mightily that I can not raile enough, and it grieues me more, that nothing else but bare railing should work revenge vpō the base abuse of such strange monsters, whose degenerate hearts from true Nobility are gilt over with golden words. But what cā be said to a cautaris'd cōscience, a remorseles mind, or to a hardned & senseles heart, who never died the face of *honor* with the blush of shame, the gentle heart of an honest minded man, bolds his turret of recōpēce vpō the ruinous grouūd

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of idle promises, still credulous, and ever ritch in naked hope, till at last his merit growes so great, that his sight becomes loathsome to him, who should reward him. Who is it then that gets and gathers all the gaines? flattering pick-thanks, unworthy fowles, cowardly poltrones, and canailles, who still keepes begging in request. So ideots, stoyicks, and parasites, are ritch, when Princes and gallants are poore. Such is the subtilty of snakie hatchers of envious treason, and subtile villaines. To see two crafty knaues meet in Court, in street, or any where, how will they salute one another with shaking of hands with low courtesaies, anixt complements, offers, vowes, and large promises will passe betwixt them: how ware will they be ever doubting, not vnlike two cunning and sure Fensers lying at a safe guard: O that then their bodie were transparent like christall, and that an honest man might see what hid mischiefe lies in their hearts. I thinke the honest man might gnash his teeth, to see the hote rancounter of equall deceit, the true race of *Babylonian* rascalls, the slaues of pride, and generation of *Haman*. If any such villaine haue the credit to gather & take vp his Lords rents and reuenues, in receaving and deburking: then be sure he keeps the two rules of *Arithmetick*, to wit, *Subtraction* and *Multiplication*, the one helps him in his receaving, the other in his deburking; hee must enterline his counts, enlarge his summes, invent new journeyes, exploite all kinde of courses that may be expensive, onely a purpose to
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tour, and betrayed me: thou hast stollen my substance and begirt me, thy deceit hath over-filed my *Parents*, robd their lands, & made me to liue in poverty: thou hast woone all with false dice, lay down againe, or else thou shalt smart for it. I thinke, be what thou may be, thou may doe this, and thou may doe it with auctoritie of a good conscience, and so giue an example to all cosoning rascals, to cogging flatterers, and to all treacherous villaines. When Generalls, Coronals, or Captaines, receaues pay from the Prince or his Pagadore, to doe good service to the Countrey, they who are commanders of the Armie, will make new Callenders of their owne enlarging yeares and moneths: for somtime they will make the yeere to be 15. moneths, the moneth fise or six weekes, to the wrack of the souldiers: and againe, their monters shall be given in to be thirtie, fortie, fiftie, or a hundreth thousand strong, when they shall scarce be half so many men, so that false monters is the ruine of a camp, the robbing of a Prince, and the only destruction of poore souldiers by the law of Armes and counsaile of warres, such caterpillers of a Campe should be hanged, cashiered, raked and tortured, and at last get the *strapado*. Many a Captaine goes gallant, and playes the bravado with the poore souldiers pay: how can a souldier liue, when he gets no pay to maintaine him. Is it not a great and worthy glorie, and a mightie courage to the Generalls heart, when he sees all his Armie of gallant men in good equipage, and his Camp well furnished. And to
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be more carefull for the souldiers then for him self, seeing the souldier is his defence, and the onely fortresse of his estate. O that the eyes of Princes would not winke at such villanie, and that their wealth should not be so vnworthily bestowed. A kings minion that knowes all the secrets of the King, and next to the Kings body, perchance will be an intelligencer, a factor, & a doer for neighbor Princes, pressing to raise and keepe them vp, and vnderminding his owne King and Maister, taking large fums, so that he becomes a Pentioner to a forraine Prince, yea if it were to ten Kings, he will take of all: this busie-headed and craftie knaue, for all this he is not mistrusted, but still advanced and esteemed to be a true subject, and still thought a man who doeth good service to his King & Country. Now in this chirping time of peace, when none triumphs but cowards & poltrones, souldiers and schollers are banisht Court & Country, they are counted a contagious Pest, and vnprofitable instruments. What shal we all turne cowards, & still try our patience in suffering wrongs? when the couragious souldier begins to discourse how he hath spent his time in wars, he begins to tel in the Winter how he lies in garri-son, & in the spring-time like a well managed ship going to her voyage, so in braue equipage goes he to the fields commanded by his Chieften, and animated in his march with sound of Trumpet, and tuck of Drummes; if they approach the enemie in faire fields, they must marche in battaile, if the Campe defende or pursue a Towne, they must
entrench

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entrench them felues, make redoubts, and conquers ground, defend their Cannon, set their Gabions, and palisade their weaker places, the souldier must stand his houre sentinell perdew, vnder the mercie of Musket and Canon, and what is all their sport? naught else but flying of Colours, founding of Trumpets, touking of Drummes, clashing of harnessse, shooting off Muskets, roaring of Cannons, thundring of vp-blowne-Mines, giving assaults, and getting repulse with fundry & thick fortes, making retreats, and with fresh courage joyning hote and fierce rancounters, bringing destruction, rape, blood-shed, murther, and cruell vengeance. O this fearefull discourse makes the haire of a coward stand right vp, he will not buy honour at such a perillous rate, he will stay at home and be knighted either by moyen or money: such is the abuse of worthy knighthood, that now every kitchen-fellow may attaine to, be flattering credit of euil-purchased wealth. *Non venit ex molli vivida fama thoro*, Dolors, paines, guts, avarice, ambition, envie, the stonie gravell, the plague, inventing of treason, and thousand worse infirmities, and worse diseases are found and bred by idlenes and staying at home, much more then in travaile or going in farre journeyes. I hate this miserable sect of *Epicurians*, who onely loues to eate, sleepe, and drinke. Looke on a drunkard, how the continuall exhausting of drinke enflames his face with fire, and transformes his nose in a red rock of spurtled and white-headed rubies, whose glistering luister yeelds a vermillion reflex

flex to palenes it selfe: and yet the more the stomach be oppressed with the strength of drinke, the more it heates and dries vp, *Quo plus sunt potæ, plus fitiuntur aquæ*, such sort of tiplers who loues and hath pleasure in bibbing and continuall supping of strong drinke: this *Epicurian* sect, I say, makes their back & their belly their *summum bonum*. O I blame the great abuse of companionrie, who can not keep societie, and be merrie in honest & civill pastimes: they think all nothing if that they drinke not drunk: what a beastly thing is drunkennes? and what an abominable mother is it to all other finnes, it is the very gate of hell. *Alexander* the great, when he had conquest the world with valour, yet drinke overthrew him, and killed him: how many branches of mischief springs from that filthy rowt? I say to thee who hath bene a drunkard, & hath bene an abuser of the benefits of God, perchance rather for the loue of company, then for the loue of drink: If thou hast remorse, and is angry at thy selfe, thou art happy. And I will entreat thee to behold the beastly behaviour of a drunkard, when he is in his drunkennes, and it will make thee hate drunkennes worse then any thing: in man it is more then filthy, and in woman ten thousand times worse, *because shee can not hide her owne shame*. I confesse and allow that both men and women should drinke moderately, for the better health of their body; but I thinke it odious, when one shall (as it were) force another to drinke more then measure, to surfet and spoile them selues; to this, I say with the *Italian*, *è qual*

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Eccle.
26. cap.

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Cap.

è di pazzia signo peu expresso: Che per altri, voler perder se stesso : It is a great signe of madnes, when any bodie for the loue of another will kill him felfe: *To whom is woe? to whom is sorrow? to whom is strife? to whom is murmuring? to whom are wounds without cause? (and) to whom is the rednes of the face and the eyes? euen to drunkards.* This insatiable custome is so enlarged within this Iland, that it is in all sorts of estates changed from vice to vertue. How many fundry sorts of sins hath intruded them selues amongst vs; strange and new invented finnes comes from the Court to the Countrey, like the new fashions of apparrell: how new-fangled are we to follow them, discending by degrees, for we may still see the baser sort striving to imitate their betters, and rather in wickednes then in goodnes: the Clowne striues in his fashions to follow the Gentleman, and the Court waiting Ladies is counterfaiited with the Country drab; few or none followes the honest mans maners: honestie, & truth are becomd banisht traytors, nor yet dare Charitie come neere Court: the civill and vpright man hath waited long in the glorious Courts of Kings, & can not find favour, he is turned back wearied, he weeps to see a scurvie & vngodly confort of villaines, crowned with deceit, & wrapt vp in the painted robes of flatterie, in the Triumph of theft, adorned with iniquitie in the Chariot of forgetfulnesse, drawne to hell with the seaven deadly finnes. What can heroyick spirits say to the hainous abuse of pretious time in this last and miserable age. Let him pittie forgetfulness, and
figh

sigh at villanie, or rather let him turne home againe
 to burthen his friends when his lands are engaged,
 when he hath spent all, and left nothing, and when
 moyen and mony failed him both at once, he could
 not begge a suit: he could not buy an Office, nor he
 could not get one church benefice gratis: such was
 the rage of ingratitude. Let this man I say, who hath
 spent his time, turn; & say with that most galant mā,
Awfull regard disputeth not with Kings, but takes re-
pulse, and neuer asketh why. We may see what strange
 paines the worldling takes on him, to be ritch, what
 inventions, and with what great industrie: behold
 the Merchant what he vndertaketh, to be ritch:
 what restlesse travailes with great hazard of his life,
 compassing (as it were) the whole earth to flie po-
 vertie, and leaues no corner in the worlde vn-
 fought: *Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos*
per Mare Pauperiem fugiens per Saxa perignes. Then
 looke againe on the *Mechanike* or *artisan*, with rare
 inventions of his spirit: the diligent labourer of
 the ground, with the sweate of his bodie, and eue-
 rie one by lawfull or vnlawfull meanes wrings
 their wits, and still travailes to be ritch. Now let
 vs consider what it is that ritches will not doe? We
 may beholde and see howe it mendes all defor-
 mities, and oft-times transformes Vertue in Vice:
 first, it makes the base Poltrone proude, the
 foolish esteemed wise, the ignorant stoyick to
 be preferred. And it makes a Lord or Chiefe
 Commaunder, to honour a borne Rascall, and
 a verie slaue by Nature, hee will make him

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speake with a covert head, wash with him, sit at meat, and eate in his owne dish, with a flattering eare he will entertaine his discourse, somtimes with gravitie, and somtimes with smiling, as it were to giue a counterfait grace, to the ignorant Ass: why will it please his Lordship to doe all this? Because his honour thinkes such men are needefull instruments to ingage them selues, and become Cationers for the Lords debt. A help to furnish his house, to store his Citchin, and still to lend him money. O but when this poore deceived sot, begins to be beggerd, then his Lordship presently decards him, because hee can not serue more to make vp a full hundreth. At last, this gulld rascall comes with cap in hand, with low-stouping courtesie licking the way with his slavish knees, and halfe weeping begs his owne; then his Lordship becomes deafe, and hath no more *Judas* kisses to bestow on his foolish worship. What may this man thinke of him selfe, and of his deere bought courtesie, the Lord leaned on his shoulder, the Lord called him Sir, and still bad him cover his head; the Lord set him at his side, and dranke healths to him: and now when all is gone, the Lord payes him with a promise, and so bids him farewell. What will ritches doe more? it will cover villany, invent mischiefe, and bring forth treason, it betrayes beauty, and makes loue mercinarie, it corrupts justice, and with damnable deedes damnes the foule of mankinde. This desire of ritches hath made, and still makes many a man to hazard all, there is nothing but the worldling will

will doe for gold, even all in all: This made that heroyick and learned Poet crie out, *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis auri sacra fames*: What shall I say to thee who is contented with sobrietie, and caries truth in thy heart, when thou seeest the great abuse of ritches, it makes thee desire no more then is sufficient to maintaine thee with all, yet for all this, thy good deedes perchance can not purchase it: thy Lord or Maister enranks thee with the deceived fort, and so forgets thee! O thou, *had I wist* what an excellent plaister art thou for the incurable disease of repentance. What a great griefe is it to the well-deserving man, who hath a promise to be rewarded, and becomes ashamed to importune his debter? but O, when he stands in his sight, what a loathsome booke, becomes he to desired forgetfulness, which yeelds naught else but flattering smiles, and never performd promises. Now I speake to the young aspiring gallant, learne in time to beware at other mens harmes, Provide for age and sickness. Looke on the aged Courtiers, who hath spent their youth in waiting on, they goe scrambling like Butchers dogs in Lentrone, they are like old cart-horse, like out-worne hounds, and the very scoffe of time. Therefore when thou looks on the *Anatomie* of time, & hath considered the secrets thereof, O how deere should it be to thee, & how should thou behaue thy selfe in this time, to provide for the time to come; if thou be poore, who wil care for thee, suppose thou art of the most rare wit in the world, adorned and made perfit with all the chiefe, & principall gifts of

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Nature, enricht & decoird with the aditions of Art,
yet for all this, if poverty hant thee, few or none shal
esteeme of thee now in thy youth-head; I counsaile
thee to thinke well on the time past; consider the
time present, & haue a care of the time to come.

*Fronte Capillata est
Sed post Occasus Calua.*

Sweet louely flower, in gallant flourish faire
Whilst beautie's pray'd, doth youthfull fields decore,
Take time in time, for time in time is rare,
Once past and gone, it neuer comes no more,
Than take this time, so long as it's in store,
And hunt not toyes, to perrill thy estate:
Wise may thou be, but yet be wise before
Thou shalt repent, and then it is to late:
Deere friend beleuee, I wish thy sad annoyes,
Times altring Fates may turne them all in joyes.

Learning hath no *Mecænas*, blinde *Auarice* hath ban-
nished Charitie, good workes now a-dayes doeth
no good, it is only naked faith that serues the turne.
O happy is that man who can doe for him selfe, and
puts no trust in the pinching mercie of great mens
liberalitie; for my owne part I say:

O That I might, then should I liue content,
And not complaine on Fortunes worthlesse worth:
Whats gone let goe, it's I must needes repent,
Whilst silence sad, my sorrowes shall set forth:

My

*My outward shew, can not bewray my hart;
I smile, but none can Judge my inward smart.*

How shall I chuse but pittie the distressed estate of other men, when Memorie calls my owne deere-bought experience to a reckoning, & then revolves the great volumes of Fortunes strange *Enigmatizing Characters*, painted with the ruthlesse penfil of time, whose tragicall Map is still out-stretched before my eyes, where I finde all the flourish of my fruitlesse hopes lying Winter-blasted, and scattered with the mercilesse stormes of ingratitude.

Si ingratum dixeris omnia dixeris.

W*Hilst I did hazard, for vncertaine toys
Vaine flatt'ring hope, expeld my present feares:
O haplesse I, who for momentall joyes
Must pay long paine with sad repenting teares.
This inward grieve my burthened soule now beares
With outward shew I strive to make it light:
But when the course of by-past time compeares,
And Tragick-like out-spreads before my sight.
Euen then I giue my rigours rage all right,
With passion strange, transported here and there,
I spend the day and wast the wearying night,
Imparting plaints vnto the idle aire.
O what remedie, time past hath no remorse,
Then must I needes endure this paine perforce.*

I thank my God, who with his out-stretched armes
hath borne me through seas, & over land, giving his
blessed

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bleſſed Angell charge of me, who never left me in all my farre and wearifome journeyes, ſo that in every courſe and hazard of my travailes, his eyes of mercie hath ever ſhined on me, and many times hath he delivered me, when deſpairing dangers did threaten my life. All honour and glory be to thee my God, and giue me grace that my experience of time paſt, may governe the time to come. O this is a perrillous time, the time of miſchiefe and miſerie, the latter dayes full of calamitie: now is the age of deceit, when the father doth oppoſe himſelf againſt the ſonne, the ſonne againſt the father, brothers, and ſiſters, and all are at ſtrife, every one labouring how to deceaue his friend, and every one ſeeking how to betray his neighbour, *Bonds, Seales, Obligations, Sureties*, all can not ſerue the turne to maintaine truth: if thou haue to doe with a man of greater worth then thy ſelfe, then be ſure he will minas thee, and ſo pay his debts with threatnings. Wilt thou appeale him before a Judge, with new invented ſhifts of Law he will out-wearie thee: with bribery he will begger thee, and thou ſhalt never be the better. O thou wicked oppreſſour, and thou falſe and partiall Judge, what ſhalt thou answer to the head Juſtice of heaven, when God ſayes by his Prophet *Jeremie, Ego ſum Judex & teſtis*, I am both Judge & witnes. O ſayes the wicked man in his hart, I feare not God, therefore I can not loue him with my ſoule, nor yet can I loue my neighbour, becauſe I envie his good eſtate, and covets his ritches, and would wrack him: ſo I owe no duty to God at all,
nor

nor loue to my neighbour, I scorne, spurne, & treds on the lawes of God. O let me never thinke on that terrible & fearful day of Judgement, nor of the horrible and endles burning paines of hel. I wil altogether forget it, because it will make me despare, take away this frivolous word *Religion*, why? because it keeps me from my pleasures, and doeth imprison all my fleshlie liberties. The foolish man saieth in his heart, *There is no God. He that is vnjust, let him be vnjust still*, (saieth Christ) and let the deceiuer be still deceitfull, let him dwell in his abominations, and triumph in all kinde of wickednesse, For behold I come shortly, and *my rewerde is with me to rander euerie man as he doeth deserue*. The custome of sinne and continuall vse, makes sinne pleasant, aboundance of impietie, and couldnesse of Charitie destroyes all, and makes many *Atheists*. What frutes of Charitie may we beholde in sundrie Countreyes? naught else but the pittifull spectacle of *Envy* and *Malice*, *Oppression* and *Bloudshed*, Justice wreisted with brybrie, the negligence of magistrats suffring victual and provision to parte from our Countrey, leaving derth and famine amongst vs, the lamētations of the poore is not heard behold the youths and scollers going idle, some becomes marchants, or els machaniks, learning is held in disdaine, Scholes, Colleges, & Vniuersities are not mentaind, al decaies out of memory. O how may the hart of a true christiā bleid to se the lamētable sight of down-fallen bridges, decayed hospitals & ruenus churches, *Nunc seges vbi Sion fuit*, through *Holland*,

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Reu. 22.
cap.

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Mat. 21.

Cap. 47.

and in many parts of the *Low Countries*, what great objects of destruction, what overthrowe of faire and rich architects, what large prospect of abusive pollicie? and what deformation is now found in reformation? where shall the murtherer be condemned, or the thief receaue the censure of his punishment? In the Church: where shall the Judge heare the oathes of perjurie? In the Church: where shall meetings, blockings, buying, and selling be? No where but for the most part in the Church: *My house* (saith Christ) *it should be called an house of praier, but you haue made it a denne of theues.* And besides all this, what sacraledge is committed, and how is the riches, goods, and lands, (which be proper duety belongs to the Church) how are they desperst amongst the Commons, and keepe it (as it were) in contemp of God, O saith Christ, *Giue vnto Cæsar those things which are Cæsars, and giue vnto God those things which belongeth to God.* The greatnes of our sins hath procured the wrath of God his punishment threatens vs, and his judgements are laid before vs, Who can hide himselfe from Gods anger? Let vs cry out with *Jeremie* the Prophet, *O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou cease? turne againe into thy scabbert, rest and be still.* But ô, the dulnes of vnderstanding, and the arrogant strife against veritie, makes the hearts of man like *Pharos* hardned, and considers not this, our eares are deafe, we heare not, our eies are blinde and seeth not his great wonders, Gods displeasure comes by sinne, and nothing can appease him but repentance. But
the

the divell who is prince of this world stands like the master of a faire lotry, and foolish mankinde looks vpon his deceauing vanities; at last their fight being insnarde, and their heart tempted with his glittering allurements, they hazard their soule in hope of gaine. O man, how art thou deceived, and how many strange wayes seekst thou to come to the kingdome of heauen? Many cryes *Lord, Lord, that shall not enter in the Kingdome of our Lord*. Many professes Christ, that shal never be pertaker of Christs glory. What a great confort of *Antechristians* are now desperst amongst *Christians*. Now is the mother of *whoredomes* mounted vpon the seven headed best, that ten-crownd-hornd Monster, that oulde Dragon the divell, hath given him his power, and hath giuen the beast authoritie, and hath printed on his fore-head the name of *Blasphemie*: he spews, and vomets forth vncleane spirits, which are Ambassadors to enlarge the kingdome of Sathan, *Babylon* is drunke with the bloude of Saints, and with the blood of Marters of *Jesus Christ*, the pittifull lamentation of the Church, spoken be the Prophet in the person of our *Saviour*, saying, *Haue ye no regarde all ye that passe by this way, behold and see, if there be any sorrow like vnto my sorrow*. Our long suffring G O D at last being forst to speake, *I haue long time* (saith he) *holden my peace, I haue bene still and refrained my selfe now will I cry like a trauellling woman, and I shall both destroy and deuoure at once*. In that day of Gods wrath what shall the Idoles of the Gentiles helpe thee made of gould and silver, the workmanship of mans

Mat. 7.

Reuel.
cap. 13.

17. cap.

Jer. 1.
cap.

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hands, they haue a mouth and speakes not, they haue eies and sees not, and they haue eares and heares not, such senseles stocks and stones can not helpe thee. The Prophet *David* cryes out, *Similes illis fiant, qui faciunt ea, & omnes qui confidunt in eis*. Let them be lyke vnto Idoles who maketh them, and let them be deafe, dumbe, and blinde, let them be altogether senselesse who putteth their trust in them; GOD is a Jelous God, he will not be mocked, nor deceived, he knoweth all them who boweth their knies to *Baall*, and looks on the filthines of them who commits fornication with the whore of *Babel*, He hath marked all them that drinks the poysonus dregs of her abominations, what answere giues the dissembling *Hypocrite* to this? O saieth he, I did it to saue my life, my lands, and my possessions, or to get maintainance to sustaine me. O thou faint-hearted coward, thou fearst that man who hath power to kill the bodie onely, but thou fearst not God who hath power to kil both soule & bodie, and to cast thee in hels fire. If thou think either ritches, thy wife, or thy children, or thy Countrie, better then *Iesus Christ*, thou art not worthie of him, nor thou shalt never be pertaker with him in glorie. Yet thou wilt reason farther, and say, O, I did it onely in outward shew of body, but not with my heart. Now I will aske thee againe, If thou had a wife whom thou loued well, and if thou fand thy wyfe, lying in the bosome of a stranger, adulterating her body? would thou not say, O wife thou hast wronged me, thou hast violated thy matrimoniall vowe

Mat. 10.

cap.

vowe before God, the world and me? Then if she should say, Dear husband, I haue lent this man onely my bodie, but I keepe my heart to you: What a villanous excuse wolde this be? Wolde thou not repudeat her, abandon her, and forsake her? Even so will our living God doe to thee, he will *spew thee out of his mouth, because thou art neither hote nor colde.* And yet for all this, hear the comfortable speech of God his kinde intretie, his vnspeakable mercie (saith he) *Although the man forsake his wyfe for her adulterie, yet I will not forsake thee: thou hast played the harlot with many louers, after many strange Gods hast thou gone astray: turne againe to me, saith the Lord, I will receaue thee;* & if thou wilt not turn again, what saith the Prophet *David, Nisi conuersi fueritis gladium suum vibravit, arcum suum tetendit & parauit illū.* If thou convert not, God hath sharped his sword, he hath bent his bow, & made it readie. O that it wold please God to end the discord amongst Christians, & that they would goe against the *Turks, Jews & Infidels*, either to convert them, or else to confound them, *Vt edificentur muri Hierusalem,* that the walles of *Jerusalem* may be builded. These are the latter daies wherein we stagger with the drunknes of sin, & the dulnes of our vnderstanding can not reach to this, the hypocrit wil figh & grone at a preaching, & be his behavior he will appear to the world to be a reformd man. But ô the villain wil not make restitution of wrangous geir, nor wil pay duety for oppression, so that the iniquitie of the impious & hypocriticall presbitian leans alwaies to the mercy of God, they never think on his justice:
O igno-

Reue. 3.
cap.

Jer. 3.
cap.

Psal. 7.

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Deut.

cap. 32.

Exod.

cap. 20.

2. Epist.

2. cap.

O ignorant foole, is he GOD of mercie, so is he GOD of Justice, *Vengeance is mine* (saith the Lord) *I visit the sinnes of the fathers vpon the third and fourth generations.* Want of feare makes the sinner sensles, they builde so much on faith, that the pride of their faith makes them faithles: in whom (I say againe) shall the vpright man trust when the world is so full of deceitfull villany? Beware of that man (sayeth the *Italian*) who giues thee fairer words then he was wont to giue thee, for he is either minded to deceaue thee, or else he hath deceived thee already, then againe the *Italian* cryes out, *De gli amici mei guarda me Dio, d' gli inimici mei guardro ben io.* And yet for all this, what if a man had *Argus* eyes to watch deceit? Yet hee may be deceiued, such is the craft of the subtile deceiuer. O thou deceiuing Hypocrasie, what an Eie-blinding behaviour? What an externall shew of chirping pietie puttst thou on to mask thy damnable deiling? The pride and envy of the heart, covered with out-ward diffimulation, seemes to correct vyce, and spit at sinne, thou walkst on the streets with a down-cast look to Hell; thy modest apparell is the onely coverture of *Gluttonie, Ambition* and *Venery*, this is the true garment of civilitie, thy common and smooth speeches, is all compunde with borrowed scriptures, thy be *yea* and *na* is no swearing, but both crost and curst is he who beleeueth thee, *Quoniam non est in ore eorum veritas.* How brauelie doeth S. *Peter* paint such men in their owne collours when he saith, *Through couetousnes shall they with fained words, make mar-*

marchandries of you, their judgement is not far off, and their damnation sleepeth not. And againe, heare what our Saviour cries out, *O generation of Vipers, how can you speake goode things, when you are euill your selues.* Thou art a fighting *nulla-fidian* brother, who is not ashamed to call thy selfe a brother in Christ, fight & sob forth thy villanie, and be damnd. How many (and wondrous) damned sectes and opinions are spread on the face of the earth, and every one to affirme their owne erraefie, will lay hand on Scripture, wresting the word of GOD to be a warant to their dreaming inventions. O thou *Religion* how art thou changed? And with what strange and diuers collours art thou painted with? How is thy face disfigurd, and thy apperrell polluted? And with ingrate wormes of the Earth, how art thou transformde? How can the simple soule knowe thee? Or to what hand shall he turne to, when so many contrare opinions are at such a miserable strife? It is onely to the humble heart that the treuth is manifested, and the true passage of Heaven is discovered, because *Iesus Christ* hath placed his *Tabernacle* in the Soone, and he hath builded his Church like a great Cittie on the top of a Mountaine, blind *Arrogance* can not (nor will not) see it. Our Saviour, hath bought it with no lesse price, then the price of himself, he hath made it a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle, hauing no blame at all. Let Hereticks bark, and hellish spirits rage against the truth, what then? *Et porti inferi non prevalebunt.* Let detestable errors, and all the authors of sects, let all
such

2. Cor.
4. cap.

Esay. 2.
cap.
Mat. 5.
Eph. 5.
cap.

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Mat. 23.
cap.

Mat. 7.
cap.

Mat. 12.
cap.

Deu. 32.
cap.

such vipers, (I say) turne their infectious stings in their owne bosomes, *Sed vestrum quis basiliscus erit*, woe be vnto you adulterers of Gods word, and woe be vnto you, who shuts vp the kingdome of heauen before men, for you your selues will not enter, nor will ye suffer them to enter who willinglie wolde enter. O serpents the generation of Vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of Hell. *Dira tibi cum sis vt Cham, execratio certa est, nam matrem rides, risit ut ille patrem.*

Ye shall knowe them be their frutes of vain-glorie, pryde, emulation, sedition, contention, and vndantoned lust of the flesh. And more then all this, you shall knowe them by vn pardonable finnes against the Holie Ghost, to wit, *Impugnatio veritatis, inuidencia fraternæ, gratiæ, presumptio, impenitentia, obstinatio, & disperatio.* The haynous blasphemie against the holy Ghost shall never be forgiuen in this world, nor in the world to come, *For their vine is of the vine of Sodome and Gomorach, their grapes are of gall, their clusters are most bitter, their vines are the poyson of Dragons, and of the cruell gall of Cockatrises.* O thou man of God, I request thee to say with the Prophet David, *Judica me Deus, & decerne causam meam, de gente non sancta ab homine iniquo & dolofo erue me Deus.* Let wisdome furnish the patience, to contrare-poyson the contagious teeth of such mad dogs in these *Canicular dayes*, what detestable a thing is it, to see and heare a fraternitie of obstinat ignorants, barking (amongst themselves, at their owne errors, to spoyle scripture, wrong *Religion*, and prattle of divinitie, stil arrogant and euer scorning to be censurde with the

more

more auncient and grauer judgements. It is no wonder, but the wonder of this (wondrous error) should make the hearers amazed. Who would not smile at the gesture of a young *Philosophical* fellow (who in his youth-heid has bene anointed with *Oleum Philosophorum*) to hear him in his tedious talk of Jugling sophistry, in superfluous circumlocutions, in his far-fetched examples, in base applications, & in a never-ending discourse, seemeth to himselfe a most rare scollar by art, & then by nature he proves not else but a rediculous foole; these are they whom the Apostle S. Paul bids you beware of, *that their vain deceiuing Philosophy corrupt you not, which are not else but the traditions of men*. Let all men of a soled vnderstanding allow the *Spanish* Proverb, *A palabras locas orejas surdas, y que a mucho hablar, mucho errar*, The *Charleton* or as the Dutch-man calls him, the *Quick-silver*. This cogging raskall will stand vpon a Market place, and there with a boulder erected face, he will beginne and tell of many invented miracles, how his Oyles and Waters hath done such rare wonders in restoring health to the diseased persons, in curing (as it were) incurable wounds, and presentlie he will produce some fained Charter sealed with wax to approue his villanie, and be this meanes he perswades poore ignorants to buye his poysoning drogs. This is he who will vndertake to mend any thing what-som-ever. The *Mutebanky* in *Italie* are not so full of deceit, but I grant in their subtile villanies, they goe farre beyond them, yet they are lesse hurtfull to their

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Colof. 2.
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auditors, and are more merry with lesse offence, yet I will not purge them of knavery. Who is a more selfe-deceiving foole in wisedome? or who is a greater Ass? then a Prognostication-maker, who saith, that the Conjectures, which they haue is founded vpon probabylities, and not vpon absolut necessities, & so consequētly, the most perfit *Prognosticators* somtimes must erre; but why may not ane *Astronomicall* villaine, joynd with a dreaming *Astrologitian* villan, make and invent leifings, it is they who will take vpon them to tell whats to come, and seeke to preiudge God of his glorie, it is they who wil tell the alterations of time, the change of weather, and in what estate a mans bodie shall be in, for that yeare into come. I thinke such *Fortun-tellers* or such *Ægyptian-palmifers*, when they set downe such *Physicall* rules to a man or womans bodie, should be prejuditiall to the wise *Physitian*, because he leives him nothing to say, seeing he in his *Mathematicall* humor circumscribes the Heavens, and so audatioullie intrudes himselfe in the secretes of the Omnipotent GOD. But as for you ignorant *Medicenars*, I thinke you are not much prejudged, because your opinion is doubt-some, your judgement is voyde of vnderstanding, and your experience is naught else but meere poyson. And I say vnto you with learned *Antonie d' Guevara*, *Medesyns de Valance*, *longues robes & peu de sciance*. But you whom I honour and reverence, that you may rather allow (I meane you who feares GOD) and whose vnderstanding
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is great) I hope (ye, I say) will excuse me to raile vpon the abuse of this rare and wonderfull Science. The Booke of GOD sayeth, *Honour the Physitian with that honour which is dewe vnto him, because of necessitie, for the Lord hath created him.* Then I will speake against such phantastick fellows, which I haue seen heere in this Isle of *Britaine*, and in many other forraine Countries (where I haue travelled) professe the Art of *Medicine*, and produce their great Charters, and Patents, sealde and subscribed where they haue bene made Doctors, and then they are noght else but the very abusers of *Physick*; what a derision is it, to heare & see *Domine Doctor* discourse with a borrowed Countenance, and commonly at meat over the table, without respect of persons? O faith he, you must not eate of this, it offends the stomack; such and such is restorative, and this againe breeds constipation, this is laxative, this breakes winde, and expels the Collick, and this is your onely meat for confirme stones, it purges the raines, and dissolues quickly, O what a scurvy discourse is this for the ears of a cheft and skunring-hearted Ladie? and cheefly at meat to talk of confirme stones, purging of raines, and dissolving quickly. Fy vpon it, I thinke it should not be suffred, & yet for the fashions sake, my Lord *Doctor* will not spare to produce some place of *Gallein* to make his leysings good and currant. Then beginneth he to frame a large Comenter vpon a borrowed text, interluding such a long Parenthesis, till at last his hauling speeches makes him altogether

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Eccl. 38.
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forget the origenall of his former subject. O how will he hesitat when his long discourse beginnes to challenge memory, then obruptly will he change purpose not vnlike a bloud-hound which hath lost his sent. Woe be to poore patients comes vnder the Cure of such ignorants, who scarce can discern a docken leafe from *Tobacco*. And yet he will say, that he is a rare herbest, how oft he visits the sick, as oft must he visit Gould, or else his visitation is stark naught: When he feeleth the punses of any diseased person, O saith he, it is an *Ague*, a raging fever, houlde you warme, keepe your selfe quiet, let no bodie molest you, I will come againe, and see your water: Then the next time he comes with a consort of Cut-throats like himselfe, and after many whispering doubts, they call the *Apotekar*, and giues him a *Recepie* of I knowe not what, which poysones the poore distressed patient, and so sends him to his everlasting home. Then doeth their ignorance lay the fault on God, or else on the poore Patient, saying, he would not be reuld, nor commanded, he would not obey their precepts; and they make the man or the woman author of their owne death. When the Painter is asked why he left his trade of painting to become a Doctor of Physick. O said he, when I was a Painter, all the world saw my errors, but now being a Doctor of Physick, I make the earth to burie my wrongs, they seeke forth the life and ritches of mankinde. Well may such ignorants be calde, the Officers of death, for the life of mankinde, is the tryell of their drinks,
and

and with their poyfning drugs, they furnifh graues, and feeds wormes. When the Patient is dead, the Doct̃or muſt be payde for all his viſitations, the Apotekar for his drugs, the Barber for his *Inſitions*, *Fumetings*, *Vnguents*, *Cataplaſms*, *Emplaſterings*, *Balmes*, and molleſying *Ceir-cloaths*, this muſt all be payed and much more. Whats worſe? None except it be *Charlytons*, Brokers, and Vſurars, fleſh-flees, that ſtill gnawes vpon gald backs, bloud-fuckers, & a contagious peſt to a cōmon-wealth. Why ſhould not ſuch devoring gulfs be diſcovered? and why ſhould not ſuch hulcerous phiſters be bard and tented, & Rogry ſtriped naked? who ſhould not vnmask the worlds ſhedowed villanie? The beggerly invention of a ſubtle *Pandros*, the exploits & tricks of a mercenary *whore*, the fals reckoning hoſt, the marchants perjurie, and the Lawyers deceit; but O I doe not meane be that Lawyer whoſe conſcience and ſoule is not ſpotted with murthering brybrie, who hath compaſſion on the poore complainour, and taketh the tears of the diſtreſſed widow for good paymēt: No, I meane be a *Janus-headed Lawyer* who hath one face to his Clyant, & another to the Compeditor, whoſe ever-gaiping hand muſt ſtill be anoynted in the Palme with the holie unction of Gould, who muſt be courted like a whore with the ſight of Angels, ſtrange peeces of gould, and purſepennies. Woe be to many heart-tortred Clyants, whoſe right dependes vpon the defence of an avaritious Lawyer. It is ſuch poore ſoules who hath their ever-warſling mindes intrecated in a Laborinth

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borinth of woes, circumveind with innumerable
fasheries, and still deceived with delayes.

Patientia pauperum non peribit in finem.

Therefore, O man, arme thy selfe with Patience
in this miserable time, and couragioullie fight it
out; for so long as thou art heer into this little pro-
gresse of thy lyfe, great is thy battell, and many
are thy miseries which doeth oppose themselues
against thee; like vnto the restlesse motion of
the sea, one trouble being gone, another fol-
lowes. Many sorrowes, and few pleasures, when
we expect joy, then comes greefe, every one hath
their owne crosse, some les, some more. As poverty
to an honest heart brings misery, greef of minde, &
melancholy, because he conceals his want, and can
not practise shameles shifts to perrell honesty, sick-
nes, & many a languishing disease, which is lade be-
fore mankind. *Oppression*, when thy betters doeth
abuse thee, taks thy wealth, & thy lands, puts the wi-
dow and the fatherles to begry. *Loss of friends*, when
they who shuld help thee are gone, & hes no body
to comfort thee in thy destres. *Ship-wrack* when thy
substance is lost by sea, & thy life indangered. *Banish-
ment*, when thou in a strange country, becomes a
poore stranger, far from thy own soyle, thou liuest
an out-cast, and thy enemies injoyes thy riches at
home. *Prison*, when the crosse of rancountring mis-
fortunes, doth imprison many a man within a Jaill,
or casts him in chaines within a Galies, triumpht o-
ver with Raskals (and as it were) the very resting
place

place of all wrongs, when a gentle heart is forst to harbor patience; and when revenge in a gallant breast turns coward, O this earthly hell, which hes no other Musick, but locking of doores, the noise of irons and chains, the heavy complaint of distressed prisoners, lockt with bonds in misery, consuming in stink and filthines. This said the Apostle S. *Paul*, *Remember them that are in bonds, as if ye wer in bonds with them*, so that every one aught by charitable works to haue compassion on the poore distressed prisoners. Saith not the Prophet *David* with great grief of hart *Let the sighing of the prisoners come before thee O Lord*: as though he wold say, O Lord God, consider the great anguish of their hearts, take mercy on them, and releue their wants, how heavy and comfortles is this grievous cros. Some again are crost with lose of *honor*, when a man either falles in disgrace, and commits some base and filthy fact, or when he suffers wrong, and can not repare himself, the crosse of mariage where there is no peace, quietnes, nor rest, voyde of all contentment, and ever barking, and so makes the devill smyl at their dissention. And what can be said to the crosse of idle loue, which hangs on the shoulders of all sortes of people, as well married as vnmarrid. In this Frenasy many ould dotardes beginnes to renue their declyning age, and takes vpon them the apprehension of youthheid, whilst their gray haire, and hairles heads, reckones vp their yeares, and telles the worlde their folly, *Turpe senilis amor*, it is more tollerable in youth, so that it be not superstitious loue;

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as sometimes to fast from meate and drink, watching the nights, and sending their lamentations written with bloudie letters, railling on crueltie; and being alone in their retearing walks, they surfat the solitarie deserts with the sorrowful voice of a discontented minde, with weeping eies in splaine of passion, O saith he,

*The furious force of loues consuming fire,
No tyme can quench, nor thought can not expell:
Such is the restles rage of my desire,
Which makes my wits within my selfe rebell:
Thus am I wrongd, and euer saikles laine,
I shift my place, but can not shift my paine.*

They ever esteeme their paines worse then the paines of hell, such are the sort of penetential lovers, who are alwaies *Anatomisd* with humorous follie, & yet how often comes it to passe, that they who taks most pains to please, are most displeasd, for it is knowne be vnfallable experience, that the duetifull lover in a respected persute, is often rejected with many ingratfull disdains. For some they are which are Monsters in the womanish sex, will hate that man most, who loues her best, and yeeld her self to a cowardly pultron of no desert. And againe, we may evidently see, how some men of a currish & mastish kinde, will be most carelesse of that woman who is most carefull of him. Such are the vnthankfull discords and interviewing controversies, of this frivolous thing which the world calleth *Blinde-loue*, it is not the ritch apparell, nor the rare bewtie,

nor

nor the art of curious engines, nor yet is it the gorgeous gesture of a glorious woman, which makes the woman: it is the good education, which brings forth good qualities, & it is the vertue of the mind, which doeth produce discretion, makes the woman a perfit woman; and that man, may truly be called a perfit man, who makes wisedome the vnseperable companion of valour, whose liberall minde aymes at honour, and whose couragious heart treads on feare to conques *fame*. O it is not the externall shew of a *Peacocks* pride, who with the gesture of his painted plumes, seemes to threaten Kingdomes: it is not the man of personage, nor the robust nature, neither is it the quantitie, but onely the qualitie doth the turne. A woman may seeme very coy in braue attire, with a faire face, and yet a *whore*: a man may be cloathed in fine cloathes, he may be very strong of body, of a great stature, and he may in a fearelesse *humor* discourse of valour, but when it comes to the push of *Fortune*, he may proue naught else but a faint-hearted-coward, a turne-back to courage, and a runne-away from *honour*. What a world of vanity is it to see a painted fellow, that can doe nothing else but court a woman, how effeminate will he be, and how prodigall will the tongue be to lend vowes to the hart:

Nec jura retine, veneris perjuria venti

Irrita per terras & freta longa ferunt.

How perrillous is it to beleue a Lover, how tempting will their words be, and how will they straine them selues to speake with vehemencie. *Lady Re-*

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thorick ever hants the mouth of a Lover, and with borrowed speeches of braver wits, doeth enlarge their deceit, his perjured promises, his oathes, his vowes, his protestations, his waiting-on, and all his *iron* fences drawn to feed vpon the attractive humors of her Adamantall beautie; as when the srong or lisping speech of a *Syranicall* wench doth enchaunt his *eaes*, the feeling of her too-much tempting flesh doth intangle his *touch*, her perfumed breath doth sweeten his *smell*, the nectar of her lascivious kissing giues delicacie to his *taste*, and her petulant beautie feedes his *sight*; her smile is his heaven, & her frown is his hell; she is the only idoll of his minde, for when he should serue God, he worships her, if hee comes to Church, his looking on her behaviour takes away his hearing, robs him of devotion, and makes him a sencelesse blocke; with staring in her face, hee learns the Arte of *Phisiognomie*, his vaine apprehensions will reade a womans thought in her visage, and when hee lookes on her hands, O then hee becomes a rare Palmister, for hee will not spare to reade her fortunes by lynes, for heere (sayes hee) is the true score of death, and there goes the score of life, from this part comes the venerian score, and if this close with that, ye may be assured to loose your Mayden-head: it is onely this makes the too-much beleeving wenches despaire of their virginitie, his braines are tormented with new inventions, fancie leades him to a frensie, next *lunaticke*, and if hee escape madnesse it-
selfe,

felfe, hee may thanke GOD. Hee fpendes the
 time in his Chamber, with no other thing but
 with a great Looking-glaffe, how to take off his
 Hatt, how to make his gesture, and in a difcourfe
 how to frame the motion of his hands, to kiffe
 his finger, to make courtesie with his legge, to
 fet his arme, to fmile, to looke afide, to walke,
 and then hee ftands gazing on the full proporti-
 on of his owne bodie, which I fweare is not elfe
 but the verie true image of fuperftitious vanitie.
 When the Miftrefle of his defires beholdes the
 Lovers dilligent attendance, then to keepe the
 Lover ftill proude in a flaviſh ſervice, often times
 ſhee will in a willing floathfulneſſe, make her
 Gloue or anie ſuch thing fall, that hee ftouping
 may attaine to that looked-for-honour, to kiffe
 what hee takes vp, and ſo receaue a ſmile for his
 offitiuous *humour*: Hee will entertaine her dogge,
 keepe her Fanne, call to light Torches, holde vp
 the Tapeſtrie, bring the Coach, and with a
 loude voyce hee will call, to make way for my
 Lady; to make vowes, weare favours, and doe
 pennance, they are the true follies of idle loue,
 but once beeing cooled of that hote and luna-
 ticke frenzie, O howe will hee then bluſh at his
 owne folly, when hee beginnes to examine his
 wits, and confiders with him ſelfe how farre hee
 hath gone aſtray. But what can be faide to ſuch
 who wants grace to make a retreat, but ſtill dwels
 in that endleſſe miſerie, they never wearie,
 but thinks all flaviſh paines pleaſure, ſome by
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night with musick, some with walking in her sight, some with gifts, songs, letters, and convoyes, every one by degree doeth pouse his Fortune, and every one by degrees counterfets their betters. I often smiled to see a Pandorly-fustian-Rascall, lead a mercinarie-Perpetuana-drab, there is nothing invented and put in practise by higher estates, but the baser sort doe still strive to imitate, and chiefly in apparel. It is most true that a man is to be commended, if he be cleanly, and chiefly in his linings, his haire well dressed, his beard well brushed, and alwayes his vpper lip well curled, with an fresado vp-start, as if every haire would threaten to pull out his eyes, for if he chance to kisse a Gentlewoman, some rebellious haire may happen to startle in her nose, and make her sneese, so by this meanes, he applies both phisick & courtesie at one time, then he may freely say, God bleesse you Lady, receaving back the chirping Eccho of *I thank you sir*. But looke againe on the other part of snotty nosed Gentlemen, with their drouping mustaches covering their mouth, and becomes a harbroy to meldrops, and a sucking sponge to al the watery distillations of the head, he will not spare but drinke with any bodie whatsoever, and after hee hath washed his filthie beard in the cup, and drawing out dropping, he will suck the haire so hartily with his vnder lip. I aske at Civility, if such a poysonnous sup can be wholesome? or if the kisse of such a flavinging mouth be sweet? Farre may such beastly filthinesse be from handsome and perfit men, who stil attends vpon the
handy

handy labour of pittifull Ladies, if a Lady be a perfit woman indeede, and ftill aymes at honeftie: what although ſhe hit not the marke of gentilitie? yet the pendicles of her defires ſhould be cleanly: as ſhe her ſelfe is moſt daintie, neate, pollite, and fine in all things, and cheifly in her ſleeping chamber, to ſee the whitenes of her linings, the cleanlineſſe of her night-cloathes, her chamber-pot filled with ſweet flowers (to ſtay the ſtur of water) her perfumed odours, ſweet-waſhing-balls, Pomanders, fundry ſorts of ſmelling waters, fannes, hatts, feathers, glaſſes, combs, brouches, ruffes, falling-bands, red and white face-colours, ſcarfes, vardingales, artifiſiall locks of curled haire, with vp-ftanding-frifadoes, their ſmoothing-skin-clouts, night-smocks, muffels, maskes, petticotes, waiftcoates, gownes, picadels, attires, chaines, carkats, caſes, coffers, boxes, and many things more, that if a man intrude him ſelfe in a Ladies bed-chamber, & look vpon every thing about him, he ſhal think him ſelfe to be no elſe where, but in an evil deformed ſhop of Merchandife. But on the other part, looke vpon filthineſſe it ſelfe, when ſome women in a fluttish eſtate, hath their bed-chamber like a ſwines-ftie, ill-favoured (and vnſcoured) Piſpot, their combs and bruiſhes, full of looſe haire and filth, their foule ſmocks ill laid-vp, their knotty phlegme and ſpetting on the walls and floore, the black and flaverie circle on their lips, ſweating, ſmoaking, and broathing in their vncleane-ſheetes, that if any would hold their head within the bed, I thinke the ſtrong

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smell were an excellent preservative against the Pest, and none like it, except it be the jumbling of a Jakes, or of a Close-stoole: for it is a true Maxeme, that the force of such odious and hatefull smells, doth occupie the fence, and holdes out the pestiferous aire of the Plague; GOD forbid, but the beastly filthinesse of some women, should make the delicate and fine fashions of other women (who are civill and honest) appeare pleasant. And even so, why should not the graue and good life of a discreete woman (who feares GOD) make the filthie fashions of an harlot (whose actions are most abhominable) appeare loathsome to the world? and still to be disdained and hated of all honest Matrones. What a monstrous thing is it, when a shamelesse woman carries the jewell of *impudencie* on her fore-head, giving her boldnesse to exploit any thing, and to execute all her filthie actions without anie regard: Farre be it from mee to crie out against the modest Matrone, the chaste Widowe, or yet to misconster the civill behaviour of an honest Virgine, whose education is true Vertue, who resolues constantlie, and performes wisely, and whose doubtfull actions, are all mixtured with feare, and accompanied with a Virgine blush, in everie thing discreete, a graue gesture, a spotlesse speech, a moderate smile, and a chaste minde, and whose thoughts are not polluted with lecherous exploits: Such sort of women are to be valued at a high price, they are of great worth, and most
worthie

worthie to be honoured and esteemed of by all men, when vilde and brutish women (that is robbed of all vertue, and loaden with vice) makes the transparent perfection of a good woman seeme glorious to the secret sight of God, and to the outward shew of the world: so I do what I can to imitate the skild Painter, who makes a darke shadow, giue a bright luster (& an shining life) to his vpright colours. Why should not filthie kennels avoyde the corrupted excrementes of Nature from faire streetes? And why should I not strive to make an honest behaviour, spurne at a shamelesse gesture? and I doe not doubt but the wiser sort will spurne at the increase of such superstitious vanities that are in this present age, and the great abundance of idle, strange, and new invented toyes: as when some women deckes and trimmes themselves of purpose to tempt the eyes of man. And setting forth their wantonneffe (which is compounded of all kinde of farre-fetched fashions) that everie one may reade in their apparrell, as it were in a Cart, the description of all forraine Countries, with such new additions of Art, as seemes in dumbe shewes, to say, *What lacke you Gentlemen.* This sort of women doe not follow the commaund of Saint Paul, *That a woman should be arrayed in comely apparrell, with shamefastnesse and modestie:* And what sayes the Prophet *Isaiah, The daughters of Sion are haughtie, and walke with stretched out necks, and with wandring eyes, walking and minsing as they goe, making a tinkling with their feet.* And what
fayes

1. *Timo.*2 *cap.*3 *Cap.*

THE ANATOMIE

5. Cap.

fayes he more, *Woe be vnto them, that draw iniquitie with the cords of vanitie*, And are not these things the true cords of vanitie, which drawes both man and women to eternall destruction: Our Saviour affirmes it, saying: *Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adulterie with her in his hart*. And for all this, how often falls men vpon the stumbling blocks of iniquitie: the wise man sayes, *Stumble not at the beautie of a woman, beware of all her insnaring-engines, for they are many and very tempting*.

5. Math.

5. Cap.

C*An not thy eyes, the eyes of man command:
Hath not thy face sufficient force to kill,
But that thou must vngloue thy iuorie hand,
Whose beautie robs proud Cupid of his skill:
So with thy hand thou shootes Cupidoes darts,
And shootes at naught but at poore Lovers harts.*

6. Cap.

But how can that man eschew, such fleshly temptations, who makes their companie his *summum bonum*, when all his felicity is placed vpon their dauncing, finging, speaking, playing, and with sweet and serious notes (moving her fingers vpon a *Violl d' Gambo*) enchants his eares, and allures his sight. *Can a man* (sayes Salomon) *take fire in his bosome, and his cloathes not be burnt*, As he would say, can a man hant the companie of wanton women, and not be allured with their lascivious stratagems, when a man beholds their legges cloathed with filke stoc-kins, ritch garters, fine pearled and well wrought smocks. Such *Hermophradites*, such pretty tempting instru-

instruments with tenne thousand more artificiall
tricks, which doeth enrage the lustfull man, and
makes him,

Fremitando come vno Stallone, che à veduta la Caualla.

Some Martiall men bewitch'd with beautie rare,
Are intricate in Laborinths of Loue:
And forc'd to trie in fancies flatt'ring snare,
What sweet-mixt-sowre or pleasing paines can proue.

Then Nymph-like-she with strange inticing looke
Doth so enchant the gallant minded men,
The bayte still hides the poyson of the hooke
Till they be fast, and thus betray'd, what then?

Poore captiue slaues in bondage prostrate lies,
Yeelding vnto her mercie-wanting-will:
She in disdaine scornes all their carefull-cries,
And Circes-like triumphes in learned skill.

With ambling trips of beauties gorgeous grace,
Aurora-like in firie colours clad,
And with bright reflex of her fairest face,
She tempting goes with brainsick humors lad.

Fearing that if she should but looke below,
Then Beames would from her burning eyes descend
On Iuorie brest, proud swelling hils of snow
Would melt, consume, and all their beauty spend.

K

And

THE ANATOMIE

*And so she lets her curled lockes downe fall,
Which doe allure the gentle cooling winde
To come and play, still wrapping vp in thrall
Chaines of her haire, fond Louers hearts to binde.*

*Beautie in prime adorn'd doth feede the sight
From crimson lips sweet Nectars gust forth flowes
Odours perfumes the breath, not Natures right
White Iuorie hands a sacred touch bestowes.*

*And when those pearle of Orientall-rankes
With treasure rich of tempting sound deuides
From two bright daintie mouing-corall-bankes
In-circkled eares calme smoothing speeches slides.*

*Each sencelesse sence on doting pleasure fast
Doth in a carelesse Register inroule:
Wishing that course of swift-wing'd Time to last,
Which spots the spotlesse substance of the soule.*

*But oh behold, Nature in mourning weede
Weepes to be wrong'd with superstitious Art,
For what can braines of rare inuention breede?
Or what's vnsought which pleasure may impart?*

*The sharpest wit whose quicke deceauing still
Makes restlesse musing of their minde to trie
Vaine trifling snares, mixtur'd with Magicks skill,
So Art adds that which Nature doth denie.*

And

*And thus much more sweet Syrens songs she sounds,
To charme, conjure, and tempt his listning eare:
Oh, then the poore Captiued wretch abounds
In peruerse vowes, and monstrous oathes to sweare.*

*By furious force of Fancie more than mad,
With fond desire in restlesse course he hunts:
Blinde Loue can not discern the good from bad,
When on the eye-plum'd tayle of pride it mounts.*

*The curious minde makes choise of good or ill,
Then scales the Fort of his Engine to clym
Aboue the top of Art exceeding skill,
Perfect in that predominates in him.*

*Drunke with the wonders of a worthlesse worth,
From prospect of a looking-glasse he takes
Strange Apish trickes to set his folly forth,
Mock'd with the gesture that his shadow makes.*

*When foolish feates no waies will serue his turne,
All hope is drown'd in despaires groundlesse deepe:
In restlesse bed (he martir'd man) must mourne,
Thoughts, sighes, and teares admit no kind of sleepe.*

*Thus layes the Conquest Conquerour of fields
On his hurt heart he caries Cupids skarre.
The scuruie fainting Coward basely yields
To idle Loue the enemy of warre.*

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*Now Trumpets sound, braue Martiall musick turnes
To fidling noise, or else some am'rous song,
That glorious Flame her wings of worth now burnes,
When golden youth in prime must suffer wrong.*

*Thus gallant sprights doe quintefence their wits,
Spending the rare invention of their braines
On idle toyes, at which high honor spits,
Nor memoriz'd memorials remaines.*

IS it not said? that faire windowes, lascivious
lookes, curled locks, the discovered mountaines
of the moving breast, often crossing of streetes, and
the hanting of assemblies, are the true harbingers,
and fore-runners of *venarie*. A lecherous bed, is
commonly decored with all kinde of allurements,
for the better execution of vulgar actions, and the
secreet discharge of *Venus* lascivious misteries, pain-
ted with the true colours of *Ouids* works, as the dis-
guising of naked Gods, and *Venus* dallying with
Adonis, *Tarquin* at strife with *Lucrece*, *Hero* sporting
with *Leander*, and such other wanton Objects with
prettie conceites, to encourage the vnwilling, and
to warme the cold humor of frostie desires: besides
all this, the sheetes must be perfumed, and fundry
fine drying cloathes, some well furnishd glasses of
delicate reviving liquors, to giue a new life, and to
make a more swift resurrection to the fatigated
creatures. The often change & mixtures of many
fundry natures, doth hinder the propagation and
issue of children, and so regardlesse women by
this

this meanes giues lust free libertie, so to the eyes of the world, with simple denials they liue long honest. There is nothing more profitable to a Tavern, then well-skilled (and pretty wenches) it makes the wine to haue an excellent gust, it covers the imperfections of the house, and giues a Curtaine to all kinde of corruption. To mercenarie women all sorts of men are welcome, the Clowne as well as the Courtier, the Rascall, the Gentleman, the Boy as well as the Maister, it is onely gold and gifts makes choise, if they conceaue with childe, what then? some women feareleffe of Gods heaueie wrath, will take drinks to destroy her conception, and so commits a murther against Nature: and what's more against Nature, then that abhominable sinne of *Sodomie*? O what filthy and strange inventions hath mankinde, to flogen the fierie lust of the flesh? but beholde what is the end of all such filthinesse, such beastly lust, worse then beastly, because the brute beasts keepes the rule and direction of Nature, & they against Nature hath no appointed time in particular, but takes their time in all maner of times. And I say againe, what is the end of this abomination? and what reward hath God prepared for such wilde creatures, *Gli scandali, gli homicidi, la pregione, le crapuli, gli morbi, e le bestemie, sono la legitima prole del putanismo*, They are the true children of whoring, & the true off-spring of filthy lust: the tormented *Italian* lying martired, cries out, *Donna ma fatto, e donna ma disfatto*. Who should pittie such sort of miserable Caitiues?

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*Non si doglia d' altrui, non si lamenti,
Chi da cagion, ai sui propi tormenti:*

That honest and vniverfall woman, Mistres *Werolle* gaue a generall command, that Mounfieur *Camuis* should by no meanes brangell his joynts, nor yet play at *Jaktaleg*: Is it not said, that fire, water, and women, are the three greateſt daungers in this world. The old and learned Father giving his opinion of the luſtfull perſon, and what harme it brings with it, he ſayes, *Luxuria ſenſum hebetat, confundit intellectum, memoriam obdurat, euacuat ſenſum, obnubilat viſum, reddit hominem pallidum ac ſædum, ſenectutem inducit, mortem denique maturat.* All theſe miſerable things are the true reuenewes of leacherie, when vaniſhing beautie begins to decay, and then lookes in a Mirror, then it ſhall ſee the ſtrange ruines of time, the wrinkled impreſſion of vnwelcome age, which blinde vanitie never did looke for: they ſhall beholde their eyes ſunke in their head, and their face all diſfigured. Let the moſt beautifull body that ever was in the world, be but foure houres deprived of life: how hard favoured will it be? how loathſome both to the ſight and ſmell will it become? then where ſhall the profit of Painting be? where is the vertue of complexion? and where is all the Engines that did abuſe beautie? all thy fairding can not helpe the defects of Nature, at laſt, it will bewray it ſelfe. O but heare what that learned and godly Father S. *Auguſtine* ſayes, *Fucare figmentis quo vel rubicundior vel candidi*

candidior, vel verecundior appareant adulterina fallacia est: quanta amentia effigiem mutare naturæ, picturam querere: tollerabilia prope modum in adulterio crimina sunt, ibi enim pudicitia hic Natura adulteratur: And what sayes that devine man Saint Ambrose, *Deles picturam Dei mulier, si vultum tuum Materiali candore obliuisti.* Againe, Saint Cyprian with the rest of these learned and devout Fathers, sayes, *Fæminæ manus Deo inferunt, quando illud quod ille formauit reformare contendunt.* How detestable a thing is it to see a filthie creature seeke to reforme the handy-worke of God: how vnthankfull and ingrate art thou to thy Creator, when thou seeest the blinde, the cripple, or any stricken with Gods hand? how shouldst thou thanke God, who hath created thee with all the joynts of thy bodie stretcht and even, and hath given thee all thy right members, he might haue made thee a monster to the world: But O! thy pride considers not this: but thou with Art will correct the wondrous works of God: *O come è indegna è stomacheuole cosa il vederte talhor, con vn pinello pinger le guance & occultar le mende di natura è del tempo, è veder come il liuido pallor fai parer di ostro, le rughe apiani è il bruno imbianchi è togli col defetto il defetto.* All their inventions, their ever-devising conceites, are naught else but snares to entrap our owne foules: the man with enticing vanities, doeth allure and perswade the women, and the women with superstitious and superfluous follies, tempts the man, and yet for all this, there is manie women (no doubt, who

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who meanes well) are deceived with the subtile de-
ceites of false and perjured men: they will make
their owne sex be an instrument to overthrowe
them, when a woman will for gold or mony tempt
another woman, and vse all deceaving tricks to en-
snare her: so I say, a woman to a woman is a great
emie; such Pandrosses cares not the wrack of
young damosels, and then the distressed woman
becomes an out-cast to her friends, ashamed of
them selves, and a slave to all kinde of miserie. But
can such sort of women be excused, who desiring
to be deceived, will compound and yeeld vpon
reasonable conditions. This sort of women are the
weaker vessels, who imputes their wantonnes to
their too-much weaknes, and whose naturall infir-
mities must be excused with their simple igno-
rance, who trusted so much to oathes and vowes.
O God, was ever man bewitched to think that the
conques of a woman can crowne *Honor*: or can it
raise any *Trophies* to *Vertues victorie*: or was ever the
stealing of a Maids virginitie registred in any chro-
nicle for a valorous act of worth, and being got,
what is it? A hastie-past-pleasure, with a speedie
following repentance, where a swarme of tortring
thoughts still works, a swift revenge, a trifling toy,
and like a feather blowne with the winde before
children, for when one boy gets it, hee opens his
hand to see it, then the wind blowes it straight away
again, then others runs and gets it again, again,
and again, and so it goes still from hand to hand.
And whats all this they runne for, it is but a feather,

let

let it goe, *who builds his hopes vpon the ruinous ground
of awauering womans Constance, shall haue a suddaine
fall*: And well may he with a pare of crossed armes
breath forth and say,

Donna adorata, e, vn nume del inferno.

I*F haples I, had harbord in my heart
The festred sting of euer-tortring greefe,
Reuthles disdaine had neuer scornd my smart,
Nor I haue baile my selfe to beg releefe:
But O, my Mistres, hath a womans minde,
Who loues her best, there proues she most vnkinde.*

*Doe what she can, O cruell faithles faire,
Be still ingrate, and neuer grant me grace:
For why? the proud triumph of my Despare
Hath lade my hopes before her slaughtring face:
There must they sterue, murthred with mis-regarde,
My Loue is loath'd, and I haue no rewarde.*

*Then fare-well Loue, a woman is a toy,
Which being got, some other gets againe:
Curst be that man, whose jelousie is joy,
And yeelds him seruile to a Slauish paine:
Who courts a woman, must not thinke it strange,
That want of wit, still makes her minde to change.*

*O man whom GOD his cheefest wonder made,
And Treasure ritch of his al-seeing Eye,
The winter blast, thy flourish fare shall fade:
Swift-posting-time, still tels thee you must dye:*

L

In

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*In fanfies lap spend not thy dayes for shame,
Go spend thy dayes where honour liues with fame.*

*Then get you gone, sweet Syrins of deceit,
Full well I knowe your strange inchanting skill:
I scorne that Coward of a base conceat,
That Pandor-like waits on a womans will:
O let him dye deceaud, that will not doubt you,
And happiest he, who best can liue without you.*

When a man hyreth an horse, either to ryde Post or Journey, as it pleases the ryder, at his journeyes end he receaues but a hyrelings pay, and so he is presently gone. But when a man hes an horse of his own, he will haue a care of him, and spare for no expenses to see him well furnished, well fed, and well dight, neither will he burst him, nor spur-gall him, but he will ryde him softly and spare him. Now what if his horse should learne gades, and doe nothing without the *Bastenado*, kick with his feete, and not be answerable to the Rainzie, but must be ridden with a *French* bit; in faith then I think that man had better ridden on a *Caronze* hyrling, when his owne horse proves nocht else but a wearied jad. If a man could say this word *My owne*, he were happy so being he could say it with contentment, as my owne house, my owne wyfe, my owne children; is it not written, *Let every man haue his owne wife*. But now in these dayes, such is the detestable abominations copen into the hearts of men, which makes them to polut the *sacred* band of *Matre*.

1. Cor.
7. cap.

tremonie. Now in this godles tyme a man cares not to put away his own wyfe, and take another; he wil alledge a thousand lyes, he will corrupt men and wemen to beare false witnes, or else he is not ashamed to discover his owne filthines, and take the fault on himselfe, *What God hath coupled together, let no man separate.* And againe, our Saviour sayes, *Whosoever shall put away his owne wife, and maries with another, committeth adultery: And if a woman put away, or deuorse her selfe from her owne husband, [she hath] committed adultery, in case she marie with any other man.* Said not the man to the woman at their first Creation, *This is now bone of my bones, and fleshe of my fleshe, and for that cause she shall be called woman.* And againe S. Paul speaking of the loue should be betwix the wife and the husband, and what authority he hath over his wife, he sayeth, *The man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man, for the man was not created for the womans sake, but the woman for the mans sake.* And why then should a man hate his owne flesh and bones. Why should not a wel-deserving wife be well cherished, and aboue all things, most respected, as his second-self, yea, even all in all as himself. But many men are to blame, who maries a woman, and presently after he is married, goeth to farre Countries, and longsome journeyes, and leives her to the mercy of all misery, it is a great signe and token that this man whatsomever, hes neither respect to GOD nor shame of the world, and he is a Rebel to the command of GOD, *When a man taketh a new wife, he shall not goe a warfare, neither shall he be charged*

Mark.
10. cap.

Luk. 16
cap.

Gen. 2.
cap.

Cor. 11.
cap.

Deu. 24.
cap.

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cap. 8.

with any buſſineſſe, but he ſhall be free, and remaine at home one yeare, and rejoyce with his wyfe. It were better never to marie, then to mary and abuſe Marriage. But the originall of this miſcheef proceeds partely of Parents, and partely of the parties themſelves, whoſe avarice and greed of geare is ſuch, that they care not whom with they joyne, ſo being they be rich; they looke not to education, to qualities, nor birth, riches hides all imperfections, and what followes, noght elſe but hatred, greefe, a languiſhing repentance, a mutuall contempt, a continuall battell, and a loathſome bed when daies of anger, and nights of ſorrow, are waited on, with *Argus-eid* jelouſy. The wiſe man ſaith in his *Canticles*, *Jelouſie is cruell as the graue, and the coles thereof are fyrie, and coles of a vehement flame.* And the *Italian* making a deſcription of jelouſie, he crieth out, with a vehement paſſion, *Da quell ſoſpetto rio, da quell timore, da quell martir, da quella frenesia, da quella rabia detta geleſia.* How many are they who are robd both of ſhame and honour, yeelding to inſatiable luſt, no reſtraint, nor yet ſetting limits to modeſty, but gives their own deſire free ſcope to a more then beaſtly appetyte, intertaine with all kinde of delicat allurements, that their filthy fleſh may ever be craving, and the better furniſhed with that conſuming pleaſure. And again, when ſome ſhameles creatures makes their body the moving ſtage of licherous ſin, where all the fates of activaty, and walting trickes giues a generall tryall in a particular forme; when baſe bloud corrupts Nobility, & makes wrongous heires

heires possesse other mens lands, when voluntarie ignorance becomes a *Nurse* to vnlawfull children: And when the sacred vowe of *Matrimonie* is made a jugling maske to oversyle the eies of true simplifetie: The wrongde *Spaniard* cryde out, *De la mala muger te guarda, y de la buena no fies nada*. Alas, poore horned bucks, whilst they judge charetably and makes their foolish ignorance impute all to a kinde courtasie, which brings nothing with it but an homely honestie, even then is least misdeming mindes made a mocking stock to secreet villany, and if the partie (who is wrongde) appeare to misconster any thing, or to smell knavery, then presently is there a complementing application of borrowed imbracements accompaned with vrged teares, fained kisses, false perjuries, flatering speaches, with broken vowes, and a number of vnperformde protestations. All this villanous diffimulation hoodwinks verity, & maks one become the pointed-out-spout of anothers pleasure, one beat the bush whilst others catch the bird, and the righteous owner feed on idle shoves, whilst strangers inioies the true substance. This tricking *Humor* takes both chesses and belles from many a one, & sends them to the Rangel. But heare what opinion the word of GOD hath of such, *The lippes of a strange woman drop as a honey combe, and her mouth is more soft then oyle, but the end of her is more bitter then wormewood, and more sharpe then a two edged sword*. And againe to that same purpose, *Then why shuld thou delite, my son, in a strange woman, or imbrace the bosome of a stranger?* With what eies
can

Prov.
cap. 5.

THE ANATOMIE

Prover.
cap. 7.

can thou looke vpon thine own wife when thou giuest thy bodie to another woman; is not her face a booke that vnfoldes a volume of accusations to thy spotted soule: Is not the *Echo* of these words, *I take thee before God*, still sounding through the corners of thy Conscience, tooke thou not her to thy wyfe? did thou not vowe before GOD and the world, to keep thy body cleane onely for her. *Why should thou then imbrace the bosome of a strange woman.* And heere againe what description the word of GOD maketh of an Harlot, and how it paints forth the filthinesse of a shameles woman, *And I saw among the fooles, and considered among the children, a young man destitute of vnderstanding; and behold there met him a woman with an harlots behauiour, and subtle in heart, so she tooke him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said vnto him, I haue peace offrings, this day haue I payde my vowes, therefore came I forth to meete thee, that I might seeke thy face, and now I haue found thee; I haue deckt my bed with ornaments, carpets, laces of Ægipt, I haue perfumde my bed with mirrh, aloes, and cynamon; come let vs take our fill of loue till the morning, let vs take our pleasure in dalliance, for my husband is not at home, he is gone a journey, farre off; and he followed her straight wayes, like an ox that goeth to the slaughter.* The pryce of such pleasures are great, and ever brings with it a swift repentance, and the end of it is noght else but *Misery, Povertie, Shame and Beggery.* O what pleasure is it to see the man & the woman both of one minde, comporting with others imperfections, and still yeelding to others

thers waiknes, *El consejo de la muger es poco y quien no le toma es loco*, When a modest discretion, and filent patience is applyde to their owne infirmities; for when the woman is in rage and stormes at her houlhald affaires, correcting wrongs with the furious rage of her tongue. O then the man should labor to pacifie her with sweete words, gentle admonitions, and large promises. Is it not a common Proverb, *That wyles helps wake folke*. And when the man is in rage, the woman should not then tempt his patience, but holde her peace, and with loving words, obedient duety, and all kinde of courtasie carrefs him, and be quiet. Saieth not S. Paul, *I permit not a woman to vsurpe authoritie ouer the man, but to be in silence*. This is the true duety of a woman towards her husband, and this woman is the woman of wisdome, as it is written, *A peaceable woman, and of a good heart, is the gift of the Lord, and there is nothing so much worth as a woman well instructed*, this is great ritches, and a ritch treasure. This woman bringes peace with her, she hes a carefull desire, and an earnest loue towards her husband, and discharges an vpright duetie to her children, with many eyes watchfull over her house. And what is such a woman worth? The Scripture tels thee, *That her pryce is far aboue the pearles, the heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall haue noneede of spoyle, she will doe him good and not euill all the dayes of her life, she seketh wooll and flax, and laboreth cheerfully with her hands*. This is the woman whose eares doeth not itch for strange teddings, nor is she curious to search secreets of others

1. Tim.
2. cap.

Eccl. 26.
cap.

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others affaires, nor yet goes she abroad to seeke newes, nor hes she any disease to be curde with the aire taking, she breeds not her childe with the languishing disease of a new fashiond gowne, nor yet needs she any molesting *Ceir-Cloath* to be lade at her stomack, because she can not get her will, her domestick affairs is a pleasant pastime, which brings profite by the purches of her own hands, *She putteth her hands to the wheel, and her hands handle the spindle*, she is not afraide nor ashamde to fyle her fingers for the well of her family, and so by her handy-labor helps to sustaine them, *Her husband is knowne in the gates, when he sitteth with the Elders of the land*, she hath a care to see him civill, in all things his honour is her glory, *She is not a pratler, but she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and law of grace is in her tongue, she over-seeth the wayes of her houshold, and eateth not the bread of idlenesse: her children ryse vp and call her blessed, her husband also shall praise her*. O what a world of happines liueth that man and woman in, where mutual concorde, peace and quietnesse, true tranquillity of minde triumphs, where external diffimulation is not aplyde to cover the inwarde deceit of the heart, and where a modest discretion excuses and dantons the fleshly desire of insatiable lust. This may be called felicitie. All their prayers are acceptable to GOD, what they pretend is prosperous, because all their actions feares the Lord, it is onely to such as these that GOD will keepe his promise, spoken by the mouth of *Dauid* the Prophet, *He hath giuen a portion vnto them that feare him,*

him, he will euer be mindefull of his Covenant. And what is it? Even this, *Thy wyfe shall be as the fruitfull vynes on the sides of thine house, and thy Children lyke the Oliue plants round about thy table, thus are they blessed that feareth GOD.* For all these kynde promyses and large blessinges bestowed on mankinde, yet there are many men and women whom God hath blessed with children, who are vnworthy & vnnatural Parents; they are careles of their childrens education, and cares not what becomes of them. How far is it against Nature to see a woman cary the Infant in her belly nyne moneths; and that whyle vexed with so many sundry sorts of intollerable paines, and when she approaches neere the delivery of her birth, what a feare and terror will possess all the parts of her bodie? what pittifull exclamations will she make through her grievous tortour? what an extreame agony and perrell of her lyfe will she be in, before the Childe parte from her belly? This is a great and stupendous miracle of Nature, ordained by GOD Almighty, and for all these torments, greefes, and vexations, some vnnaturall mothers will forget their children, she will be so delicate, she will not nourishe them, nor fyle her fine cloathes with slobbering younglings, she must haue a stranger to nource her childe, for the bewtie of her snowe-white skinne must not be blabered with sucklings. It appeares very well, that these sorte of women gettes and ingenders their children onely for pleasures sake, and delivers them to the worlde for meere necessi-

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tie,

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Eſay. 49
cap.

tie to empty their wombe. Again when they come to perfite yeares, ſome Parents will giue over their children to all kinde of miſery. When GOD in his ſuper-abundant mercy ſpeakes to *Sion* be his Prophet, he ſaieth, *Can the mother forget her owne infant, or can ſhe not be mercifull to the childe of her own wombe; if ſhe could be forgetfull, yet I will not forget thee, nor can I reject thee, for beholde I haue written thee in the fleſhe of my owne hands.* In this compariſon our GOD ſhowes how farre it goeth beyond all naturall reaſon that the Parents ſhould forget their children. But there are many children who deſerueth the wrath of their Parents, through their owne ingratitude, and through their great over-ſight of duety, *Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that thy dayes may be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath giuen thee.* Let ingratfull children goe look on that wondrous worke of Nature, and of Loue; the young *Cigonſtis* will vomit vp their meate from their ſtomach to nurifch their parents, when they are oulde and can not flee. Looke to all beaſts by Nature, what loue they cary one to another, & what mutual concord in their owne kinde; and how much more ought reaſonable creatures, the Parents to the children, and the children to the Parents: *Ye Parents* (ſaieth *S. Paul*) *prouoke not your children to wrath:* meaning be over great auſteirnes. When Parents and Children liues all in peace and quyetnes, and in charitable concord, *O how good a thing is it* (ſaieth the Scripture) and how joyfull is it, to ſee brethren and ſiſters, and the whole family to liue
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in loue and peace, they eate their bread with sweete contentment, and spends their dayes in great happines. But woe be to seditious tail-tellers, to leying lippes, to harkners and rounders, to back-byters and slanderers, who are sowers of dissention, and with their wicked and malicious tongues, are inventers of mischeif: The wisdom of GOD saith, *A wicked person soweth strife, and a tail-teller maketh dissention.* It is vpon such wicked instruments that the great GOD hath promest *to raine fire and brimstone, with stormie tempests:* this shall be the portion of their cup, with many more greivous and endlesse torments, which are provided for detracters and slanderers. *All beastes are tame, but the tongue no man can tame, it is an vnruely euill, full of deadly poyson.* Contentment is great wealth, and sobrietie with loue, is better then Kingdomes with strife, *I had rather dwell with a Lion, then keepe house with a wicked wife.* And againe saith the Scripture, *A wicked wife maketh a sorry heart, an heavy countenance, and a wounded minde, wake hands, and feeble knees, and can not comfort her husband in hauines.* Can any goe more neere the husband then the wife? are they not both one flesh? But such is the wake fragility of our wicked nature, that even they who lieth in others bosomes some-time will discord; but the discord amongst friends should be short, as betwix the Parents and the Children, betwix Brether and Sisters, and chiefly betwix the Man and the Wife; Is it not written, *Let not the Sunne goe downe vpon your anger:* The anger of some women are dangerous.

Jam. 3.
Epist.

Ecccl. 25.
cap.

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*Eccl. 42.
cap.*

*Judges.
14. cap.*

*Pro. 12.
cap.*

The wise and learned man *Aufonius* speaking of a womans anger, he saith, *That the wyld Boare perfewed of dogs, the Viper whose taile is tread vpon, the Lyons bitten with hunger, the Tiger robd of her young-ones, are not more cruell and fearece then an angry woman. Melior est iniquitas viri, quam mulier benefaciens.* There should be no vp-casts betwixt the man and the woman, as to say, thou art come of this, or of that, we are all the children of *Adam*, and also what ever secretes are amongst them, should not be reveild, were the occasion never so great. Many times great mischief hes bred of such things, for this cause woman shuld not be curious of the mans perticular affairs. *Sampson* being married with the vncircumcised *Philistanes*, his wife did never rest, but importuned him to knowe his secrets, and then she reveiled all to his great harme. The wise man *Salomon* sayeth, *A vertuous woman is the crowne of her husband, but she that maketh him ashamed, is as corruption in his bones.* But many times it falles out, that the man is author of his shame, blowing and sounding abroad the *Trumpet* of his owne ignomy; in this respect, that when he knoweth a particular imperfection to predominat in his wife, he will not be secrete, but makes the world pointe their fingers at his turpitude; when he is to come home, he should send word before, and tell he comes, and if his minde assure him that *Occupata e la stanza*, then should he be very ware to enter his house vpon a suddainty, least he catch a moat in his eye, and then his eie-fore will sting his heart with impatience, turning all the

the misty-clouds of his darke doubts, in a clear-shining verity, it will bring Jelousie to a true and perfite resolution, it will giue him possession of *Hornes*, and so by this meanes, it inrolles him amongst the Cathegory of voluntary *Cuck-colds*, then must he maintaine a back-dore for the *ingresse* and *egresse* of his wifes vulgare actions. A *sentenall* must haue a good eare, a quick eie, and a swift retreat, that the *al'arme* may be the more tymous, and to make a more large preparation for Patience. O what a spacious subject is this, and how endlesse appears this profound discourse; like a stranger *Pilgrim* in a wildernesse, I haue lost my way; or like the *Seafaring-man* fatigated in a longsome voyage, sounding his lead where he findeth no ground, in such groundles deepes; then at last he returnes hopeles to end his (seeming endlesse) journey, with a dissembling courage, and a heartles cry, he comforts his company. So (*good Reader*) I am forced heere obruptly to break off, for so long as this Subject is the load-star of my discourse, I think, and am assured that my Ship shall never arryue to the fight of *Capa dell buena asperanza*. Then in despaire I bid this large *Ocean* fare-well, for this fearfull, and tempestuous storme threatens Ship-wrack, I must stand by my Taik-ling, shut my Rudder a lee, and seeke vp for the next shoare.

*Away vaine world, thou Ocean of annoyes,
And welcome Heauen with thy eternall joyes.*

O how

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O How farre (beholde) doeth it goe beyond the reach of mans capacitie to ponder the great and wondrous workes of GOD, when we meditate vpon his miracles, to see the frame of every thing, presenting such strange objects, this large prospect of Heaven and Earth, the admirable operations of every thing which hath bene wrought, and still works in the swift course of time; and when we haue considered all that we can, or may, we shall see that mankinde of all other creatures, are most ingrate to his Creator. So that this great and vniversal Glob, whose spacious shouldrs is over-lodned with the wickednesse of mankinde, and wearied with the heavy burthen of weightie sinne, and the vnnaturall strife in all kinde of estates, even from the rich Monarch to the poore begger. We may see Kings opposde against Kings, these great and earthly powers triumph in other mens spoyle, we may see mightie ruelars vsurpe Kingdomes, subjects mutin against their owne naturall Prince, contemne his Laws, & in spight of GOD, oppresse the poore, and turne careles *Rannegats* to all Christianity, *Virum sanguinum & dolosum abhominabitur Dominus*, GOD abhors and detests the bloudy and malicious man, he shall never get mercy, all his abominations shall not leaue him, but shall follow him and accuse him, his ambition, and the complaints of the oppressed, shall condemne his Soule. And what is all this world, it is nocht else but a stage where euery one acts their parte, and then makes an eternall retret with

without returne, Heavens incloftred powers looks downe, and they see all the dulfull Tragedies of vn-recalled time, and marks the vnſpeakable wickedneſſe of mankind, how many folies are acted vpon this ſtage, for the moſt parte playes the *Buffone*, and all their life is but a pleaſant Comedy, and with the *Ethnick* they cry out, *Ede, bibe, dorme, poſt Mortem nulla voluptas*. Vpon the other parte we may behold the picture of true repentance, painted with ten thouſand miſeries, the pittifull geſture of men, how vnlawfull Law hes made miſerable, the beggerd Marchant, who hath bankerd-out his credit: the Artiſan whom age and ſicknes brings to poverty, and we may ſee how the threed-bare Cationer goeth with melancholious grones, diſperſing the ſighs of his greeved minde in the Aire: we may ſee how the curious *Alchamiſt* in ſeeking the *Philosopher ſtone*, with continuall travell, and far-foght inventions hath wrung out all the ſubſtance of his wits, and ſeeking to finde wealth, hath loſt all his wealth, ſo till at laſt, his ſweating labors, rypes nothing elſe but ſmooke. O then, his repentance be- ginnes to challenge time, when all his ſmooking hopes are vaniſhed in the aire, in end, he payeth his debt to Death, and dyeth a begger. And we may ſee the *Necromancer*, one who hath ſtudied the black Art, for a little borrowed (and yet a very vncertaine) tyme dambs his owne ſoule, and giues it as a proper tribute to Hell, and why? becauſe with the *Arch-deuils* direction, he will command all the infernall ſpirits. O moſt vaine illuſion, and deceit-
full

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ful pleasure which brings nothing with it, but eternall horror. Now when all men hath acted their parte vpon this vniverfall stage, then comes Al- commanding Death, & swiftly cryes to every one, *Away, gette you gone, your parte is playde.* So with his Imperiall Darte, he streaketh all kinde of Creatures without respect, and then with his reuth- les hand, he draweth the darke Courtaine of the Graue, over the pail bodie of mankinde. So shall thy soule compeare before the Great Spectator of Heaven, who hath seene all thy actions, and how thou hast plaide thy parte in this world, there the booke is opened where all thy doings are in Re- gister, if they be vpright, then art thou crowned in the Majestickall Throne of Eternall Glory; if thy actions and doinges be false, and found deceat- full, if thou hast stopped thy eares, and woulde not hearken, nor heare vnto the voice of Gods Messingers, then shall thy name be blotted and scraped out of the Booke of lyfe, and thy soule and bodie shall be condemned to burne perpetuallie in the Everlasting fyre of Hel. O what a pittifull thing is it to see so many catiue creatures careles of the life to come, and what great debt they take on their soule to be payed at the latter day. The wicked ab- hominations of mans heart made GOD in his great wrath cry out and say, *I repent that ever I made man.* And why did our Saviour Christ hate this world, he telleth the reason, *Quia mundus totus in ma- ligno positus est.* Because the Worlde altogether is placed in wickednesse. For we may beholde, what wicked-

Reuel.
20. cap.

Gen. 6.
cap.

wickednes possesse mankind, even from their verie youth-head? of what evill inclination? how perverse in their actions? and how contemptuous to age? how will they mock, scorne, and disdaine the reverend Father, and the aged Matrone. O sayes the word of God, *Age is the crowne of glory*, therefore we should honour age, helpe and reverence age, the pernicious nature of man is such, that it breeds contention, emulation, and continuall discords, how vncharitable without law, reason, or religion, so that man to man are the most cruell enemies of any other creatures: when the *Neronicall* heart of man being in a tirannicall *humor*, what kinde of strange tortures will they devise one against another? how vnnaturall is this? and how farre is it against all Christianitie? it hath kindled the wrath of the Almighty, when anger calleth *Israell, Gentem apostatricem dura facie & indomabili corde*, an apostaticall Nation with a shamelesse face & encourageable heart, who will not acknowledge the wondrous mercies of our loving God, *Miseros facit populos peccatum*, sinne maketh people miserable, and when holy *Job* speaking of wicked men and of careless sinners, he sayeth, *Bibit quasi aquam iniquitatem*, they drink vp sinne like water, even like a thirstie stomack, with as little care and as much pleasure drinke they vp wickednes, and that thou who readeest this, may the better beleue me: goe and with experience thou shalt see (goe I say) & walke abroad into the streetes, and behold the doings of mankind; looke and marke well their behaviour,

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Pro. 16.
Cap.

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and fashions, consider well and attentively what is done in Market-places, in Kings Courts, in Justice houses, in common meeting places, what lying, & deceaving? what slander & shamelesse villany? thou shalt see nothing in this world so little accounted of as sinne, thou shalt see Justice corrupted with briberie, and variety sold for money, and impudent faces despise equity, thou shalt see the innocent condemned, the wicked and malicious malefactor delivered and set free, the villaine advanced, & the virtuous despised, thou shalt see the proud oppressour triumph, & thees command, vsurers and brokers deceaving their neighbours, extortioners at liberty to execute their owne desires: and thou shalt see ignorant fooles preferred to great authority, because they are rich, worthlesse men revered, honored, and drawn vp to great dignities, and thou shalt see how the eager desire of ambition cuts innocent throats, treason covered and cloaked with flattery: and to conclude, thou shalt heare the general voyce of the people, to be nothing else but of vanities, bawdrie, and whoring, detraction & backbiting, pride, envie, deceit, drunkennes, dissimulation, wantonnes, dissolation, flatterie, lying, swearing, perjuring, & blaspheming. And so this shal confirme (that in their perrillous and latter dayes) how mischief abounds, & what abominations are spread on the face of the earth, having no regard to law or justice, to reason nor religion, but in an vnfatiable appetite of beastlineffe, are become drunk with sinne: how glad may the man of an vpright mind be? how quiet

quiet may his soule be? at what sweet repose may his conscience be? when all his actions are vp-right before GOD: the Scripture sayes, *Secura mens iuge conuiuium*, a secure conscience is a blithe banquet: but O thou wicked man! O thou malicious oppressour! O thou deceitfull and avaritious villaine: how shalt thou haue thy soule and conscience tortured? the terrour of thy vnrighteousnesse shall torment thee, thy nights shall be voyde of rest, and thy soule shall be wrapped vp in the pricking thornes of thy owne wickednesse, everie thing shall affray thee, all objects shall threaten thee, and restless despaire shall hant thee with ten thousand devillish temptations: *Salomon* sayes, *the wicked man flieth though no man pursue him*: Hee will start at his owne shadow, the heart of him is alwaies aloft, *Conscientia mille testes*: O but heare in the end what is prepared for such wicked and insolent sinners (who hath such pleasure in this world, & with their abominations procures the heavie wrath of God) even this is prepared for them, *Cruciabuntur in sæcula sæculorum in stagno ardente igne & sulphure*, they shal be tormented for ever & ever in a burning lake of fire & brimston. O that the horror of this sentence might make vs mark our owne blindnes, and amend our beastly life, *Noliti fieri sicut equus et mulus quibus non est intellectus*: Be not like the horse or the Mule, which hath no vnderstanding, as the Prophet would say, be not so brutish nor so voyd of reason, nor yet set not thy saluation to such a small reckoning. O thou Reader, I will request thee, & all mankind ever

Pro. 15.
cap.

Pro. 28.
cap.

THE ANATOMIE

Math.
5. Cap.

to remember and hold this most worthy and infallible sentence printed in thy heart, *Hoc momentum vnde pendit æternitas*, This short life is the very moment whereon dependeth all eternitie, either the eternall joyes of heaven, or else the eternall paines of hell. O I say againe, remember this true sentence, and haue a continuall care of this moment, and spend it not in such idle vanities, *Agree with thine aduersarie quickly, whiles thou art in the way going with him, least thine aduersarie deliuer thee to the Judge, and the Judge deliuer thee to the jaylor, and the jaylor cast thee in prison, where thou shalt not come out till thou haue payed all.* How carefull should we be in this little moment of our life, to prevent the intolerable and endlesse burning paines of hell. What would the damned foules in hell doe, if they were in this world againe? how would they spend this moment, to escape that vnspeakable torture, that ever-burning *Gehenna*, where nothing else is but gnashing of teeth and everlasting horreur, yea, and worse than the tongue or heart of man can tell or thinke, out of the which part there is no redemption. Good Christian Reader, againe I will request thee, and all finners, to print this in the depth of thy heart: And I my selfe, I confesse to be a most greivous finner, when I thinke vpon the losse of pretious time, it shrills my wearie soule with grieve, it wearies my dayes, and disturbs my rest: with that holy Prophet *David*, I crie to God with a repenting heart: *O Lord, remember not the sinnes of my youth, nor my ignorance, but according to thy great mercies remember*

The workes of our Lord God are great and wondrous, they are incomprehensible, and yet his mercies exceeds all his stupendious workes; therefore once more let vs consider so neere as wee can the great workes of God, the creating of all things. *The heauens* (sayes the Prophet *Dauid*) *sets forth his glory, and the firmament shewes the workes of his hands*; the earth, the seas, and all living creatures therein, the strange course of every thing in heaven, in earth, & the naturall inclination of all living creatures. Look on the seas how they are limited, that they shall not passe their bounds, but keepe their due course: Looke on the creation of mankinde, he hath made vs according to his owne image, and of the verie dirt and slime of the earth hath he created and formed vs, he hath also made vs subject to many infirmities of Nature, the filthinesse of our flesh, the excrementall corruption of many sundry and strange diseases, which are naturall, and insident both to man and woman: And what would this carcase of ours be, if it had not the change of cleane cloathes? it would be naught else but a masse of vermine, and with time the smell of our flesh would be loathsome, and so in the end wee would putrifie and consume to naught. O man, why is all this done? onely to bafe our pride, and God hath done it to let vs see what stuffe wee are made of: and what hath our good God done more? Within this earthly vessell of our body, he hath placed a soule made of a diuine and heavenly substance, adorned with all her

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faculties,

THE ANATOMIE

Hebr. 2.
Cap.
Gen. 1.
Cap.

Esay. 5.4.

Esay. 30.
Cap.

33. Cap.

faculties, and garnished with reason; the Prophet *David* sayes, *Little inferiour to the Angels*. And besides all this, he hath cast vnder our feete all kinde of other creatures, and aboue all his workes that work of vnspeakable love, that miraculous worke of our redemption, and yet the mercie of our Lord God goes farre aboue, and farre exceeds all his wondrous works: for the holy Prophet *David* sayes, *The Lord is good and kinde to all, and his mercies are aboue all his great and wondrous works*, And heare what our good & loving God sayes more with his owne mouth: *The mountaines shall remoue, the hills shall fall downe, but my mercie shall not depart from thee: neither shall I breake the couenant of my peace, saith the Lord, that hath compassion on thee?* What great and true confidence may we then haue in Gods mercie? he sayes againe by the mouth of his Prophet: *The Lord doth attend the sinners conuerſion, to the end he may take mercy on him, and thereby be exalted*: Yet heare more what God speakes to *Ezechiel* the Prophet: *Say vnto them, as I liue, saith the Lord God, I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the sinner should turn from his sinful life & liue*: And farther, with what great compassion goes he on to allure & perswade his people to conuert: O sayes he, *Turne you turne you from your wickednes, for why will you perish and die, O you house of Israell*: How many kind & loving perswasions doth our loving God giue vs to draw neere, and come home to him. What gentle & kind corrections? what large and great space of repentance? what wonderfull & sweet Parables of our Saviour *Iesus Christ* in the
Evan-

Evangel: Of the good shepheard who brought back the sheep vpon his shoulders, which had gone astray, what joy and feasting makes hee with his friends, and of the honest woman when shee findes her lost peace of siluer. And the pittifull father with teares of mercie & compassion receaved his forlorn sonne, with what joy and gladnes did hee embrace him. Here doth our sweet Saviour *Jesus*, shew what great joy is in heaven at the conversion of a finner. Our loving God again entring in more conference with the finner, he begins to reason with him: *Thou sayest that I am ritch, and encreased with goods, and full of substance, and that I haue need of nothing, and dost thou not know how poore thou art? how wretched? how miserable? how blinde? and how naked thou art?* Then our Saviour goes on with sweet perswading speeches to allure the finner, saying: *I counsell thee to buy of me gold, tried be the fire, that thou mayest be made ritch, and white rayment, that thou mayest be cloathed, and that thy filthie nakednesse may not be seene, and anoint thine eyes with eye-salue, that thou mayest see:* And when he with chaines of loue keepes his owne fast to him, he sayes, *As many as I loue, I rebuke and chasten, be zealous therefore and amend.* Now againe at last he concludes with fervent compassion, *Behold I stand at the dore and knock, if any man heare my voice, and open the dore, I will come in vnto him, and I will sup with him, and hee with mee.* What more comfortable speeches would the heart of mankinde craue? or what greater consolation can wee caitiue and distressed finners desire, who would refuse to open the

*Reuel.
S. John.
3. Cap.*

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the dore of his heart to entertaine such a worthie guest of infinite loue and mercie, even Christ Jesus the onely sonne of God omnipotent: he gave his life to ransome the foules of finners, he left the glorious heavens for our cause, and cloathed him selfe with our wilde and filthy nature. Many yeeres did he preach, he suffered cold, hunger, and reproach, he was tempted, and fasted forty dayes in the wildernes, in the agony of his prayers he sweat bloud, he was tortured, sold, and imprisoned, his head was crowned with sharpe thornes, his body torne with scourges, he was mocked, buffeted, and spat in the face, his body hung on the Crosse betwixt two theeues, and his armes out-stretched, his hands and feete peirced with nailes of iron, and his side and heart wounded to death; neither was we bought with siluer, gold, or pretious stones, but with the infinite price of the bloud, and life of our *Sauour Jesus Christ*, the onely sonne of our ever-living God. O it was our finnes and wickednes put him to death, and laid all his cruell torments on him, it was our wickednes made him fast forty dayes when he was tempted in the wildernes, we crowned his Imperiall head with sharpe thornes, we bound his delicate armes with cords, wee mocked him, wee stripped him naked, and scourged his blessed bodie, we buffeted and spat in his most glorious face, we laid the Crosse on his patient shoulders, we cast lots for his vpper garments, we crucified him betwixt theeues, and nailed his innocent hands and feet to the Crosse: it was for vs he sweat bloud and
water

water in his prayers, and it was we, even onely we who peirced and wounded his heart, and it was wee who made him in his cruell paines of death, cry out in his last passion, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me*: All this, and much more hath our wickednes done to the incomprehenfible Majestie of Almighty God. Heare with what great admiration the Prophet *Iſay* cries out, ſpeaking of the Paſſion of Jeſus Chriſt long before his comming: *Who will* (ſayes he) *beleue our report, and to whom is the arme of the Lord reuealed*? Then he begins and tells of his ſufferings & torments for our finnes, ſaying: *Surely he hath borne our infirmities, and caried our sorrowes, yet we did judge & eſteeme him plagued, and ſmit-ten of God, and humbled, but hee was wounded for our tranſgreſſions, it was for our iniquities he was puniſhed*. The burthen of our finnes was laide on his backe like a ſimple ſheepe, ſo was he led to the ſlaughter, in patient ſilence ſuffered he all ſorts of paines, neither was wickednes with him, fraud nor deceit was never found in his mouth: this Innocent was put to death amongſt theeues and malefactores, for the finnes of the world: The Evangelift *S. John* ſayes, *For God ſo loued the world, that he hath giuen his onely begotten ſonne Jeſus Chriſt, that whoſoeuer beleeueth in him, ſhould not periſh, but haue life euerlaſting*. And what ſhall this life euerlaſting be? the Apoſtle tells thee, *That eye hath not ſeene, nor eare hath not heard, nor yet the heart of man can not imagine what happineſſe and glory is prepared for them that ſhall be ſaued*. Now deare and loving Reader, conſider with what little

O

paines

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paines thou may (in this little moment of thy life) prevent the everlasting paines of hell, and make conquest of the eternall glory of heaven, to see and behold the vnspeakable Majestie of God, set on his triumphant Throne, environed & compast with the glorified Saints, & the innumerable Martirs, who hath suffered for the faith of his sonne *Jesus Christ*, when the woman in travaile and bitter paines of hir birth is releevd of her naturall burthen: how will the pleasure of her child expell the paines, and giue her comfort? Even so after the weariednesse of this world, the paines and anguish, then comes the joyfull pleasure of heavens, which expells all our vexations, comforts our foules, and wipes all the teares from our eyes, what persecution? what crosse or worldly temptation should hold or keepe vs backe from such an infinite treasure, from such an endlesse joy: Let vs say with that constant and blessed servant of *Jesus Christ*, *Who shall seperate vs from the loue of Christ, shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakednes, or perrill, or sword, as it is written: for thy sake are wee killed all the day long, wee are counted as sheepe for the slaughter: neuerthelesse in all these things we are more then conquerours, through him that loued vs: for I am perswaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to seperate vs from the loue of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.* And a little before, this happy and godly Apostle sayes in this same chapter, *For I count the afflictions of this present*

Isay, 25.
cap.
Reuel.
7. cap.
Reuel.
21. cap.

Roma.
8. cap.

*present life are not worthy of the glory which shall be shovne to vs in the life to come: And for this respect, when hee considered of the joy of heauen, hee esteemed all the ritches, all the glorie, and all the honour of this world but vayled filth and stinking dirt: How carefull then should wee be of this word Eternall? and that in this moment wee should be good provisors: Our Saviour desires vs saying, *Negotiamini dum venio*. Be diligent, and lay much treasure to thee fore against I come, and seeke for a reckoning of thee: *For behold* (sayes he) *I come quickly, and my reward is with mee, to giue euery man according to his workes: And what shall this reward be, if thou be vpright, constant, and continue firme and faithfull to the end, Be thou faithfull vnto the death, and I will giue thee the crowne of life*, In hope of this glorious Crowne, how gallantly should thou fight against all the wofull miseries of this world, and still contemne all their earthly temptations: In the word of GOD the wise man forwarnes the saying, *My sonne, when thou art to come to the seruice of GOD, stand fast in justice, and in feare, and prepare thy minde for temptation*. Heere thou art forwarned in what estate thou shalt be in time of battell, and howe to lye at thy guard against thy three ghostlie enemies, *The Devill, the World, and the Flesh: Stand therefore, and your loynes girde about with veritie, hauing on the breast-plate of righteousness*. What should hinder vs to fight against our owne infirmities, having such a Captain to encourage vs, and fight for vs, to strengthen vs, to holde vs vp,*

Phil. 3.
cap.

Luk. 19.
cap.

Apoca.
of S. John
21. cap.

2. Cap.

Ephe. 5.
cap.

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and helpe vs. Our Saviour sayes, *You are they who haue stooode with me in my temptations, and therefore I prepare for you a Kingdome.* And I pray thee heare good Reader what a Kingdome, even to be pertaker of his owne glory, to sit crowned with him in all eternall joy and happinesse, but our infirmities, and weaknesse, and want of faith, and our strengthlesse hearts, and our great faintnesse hath made our Captaine Christ to say, *You haue left me in time of temptations*: this lets vs see how feeble wee are of our selues, and that without the helpe of God wee are nothing, nor can doe nothing. Our omnipotent God diminished the Camp of *Jerubaall*, and with a very small number made him overcome the great & strong armie of the *Midianites*, least *Jerubaall* should haue said, It is the strength of man hath woone the victorie, and so taken away the honour, glory, & power from God, *Non nobis Domine, non nobis sed nomine tuo da gloriam.* O man, bafe thy pride, for of thy selfe thou art naught else, but a miserable and strengthlesse worme, and all thy resolutions are but meere folly, for behold the foolish hearts, and thou shalt see what course, and what straunge decree they will make to them selues. What vowes and promises sealed with oathes will they make to performe wonders: but O let the foolish man heare what the wisedome of God sayes, *Many deuises are in a mans heart, but the counsell of the Lord God shall stand*: Thou mayest flatter thy selfe with many faire promises, but all is vaine, because God almightie must be the chiefe actour of all things. This made the

Judg. 7.
Cap.

Prou. 19.
cap.

the Apostle Saint *Paul* say, *I am able to doe all things through the helpe of Christ which strengthneth me*, and when it pleases God to lay a crosse vpon the shoul-
 ders of any Christian, that he may be glorified, and to be a chaine of loue to bring thee to him, and to keepe thee fast with him: how will he helpe thee to beare thy Crosse? how will he draw thee forward? and how will he peace and peace releue thee and set thee free: is it not written, *Our God is faithfull, and he will not suffer vs to be tempted aboue our strength*, Hee will lay no more on thee then thou art able to beare, he will not suffer one haire of thy head to peri-
 ish: he sayes, *I chastice them whom I loue, for the Lord your God doth try and proue you to know, if you loue your Lord God with all your heart, and with all your soule*. Now in this meane time of his aduersitie, what com-
 fortable speeches? and what great assurance giues he by his Prophet *Dauid*, *He called on me* (sayes he) *and I heard him when he is in trouble, I am with him, and I will deliuer him, and set him free, and I will glorifie him*. Now when a man or woman is burthened with any worldly crosse, can he goe to a better (or can he goe to a more loving and wiser) Counsailler, to discharge the burthen of his griefe to, then to our Lord *Iesus Christ*, who knowes what is meet-
 est for thee: *Intellectum tibi dabo, et instruam te in via hac qua gradieris, firmabo super te oculos meos*, I will (sayes he) giue thee vnderstanding, and I will teach thee how and what way thou shalt winne free of thy trouble, and I shall ever fixe my eyes vpon thee. Now wilt thou but looke on all the great rulers and

Philip.
4. cap.

1. Cor.
10. cap.

Deut. 13.
cap.

THE ANATOMIE

principalities in this world. From the mighty and rich Monarch to the base and poore begger. And tell me who can say he hath no Crosse: beleue me not any, for that man hath not beene, nor for the present is not, but he hath vexation, a griefe, and a continuall crosse. What although hee appeare to the eyes of this worlde, most content in earthly glory, in riches or authority, yet for all that, before night that day was never but hee had somewhat to repent him selfe of. Then thou who art crost, will thinke in thy heart, and say: O this man or woman are happie, they haue no tribulation, they haue no fighting with this world, their minde is in peace and quietnesse, they line secure, and are crowned Kings of their owne desires. O foole, thou art deceaued, for what is all our chiefeft joy in this vale of miserie? euen nothing else but a sunne-shine pleasure, bringing nothing with it but a grievous storme of infinite cares: O but what remedie, euen this must be thy onely remedie, to say with the Prophet *Dauid*, *Tribulationem & dolorem inueni & nomen Domini inuocaui*, In the time of my tribulation and griefe, I called vpon the name of the Lord, hee is the true Phisitian that must heale thy sores, and be assured he will say to thee as hee said to *S. Paul* in his great temptations, *Sufficit tibi gratia mea*, My grace is sufficient to strengthen thee, to keepe thee, and defend thee in thy greatest conflict, and to be a strong and mightie bulwarke against all temptations, and aboue all things, let vs that are finners and grievous offenders of GOD, thinke
and

and assure our selues that it is onely our owne iniquities, and wicked life, which procures our crosse of tribulation: O then let vs not murmure against GOD, but let vs looke to our owne finfull life, that is the onely originall of all our mieries: how ought we then to repent, for it is onelie sinne displeases GOD, and nothing can please him but repentance and mourning. Heere I will set thee downe this comparifon: *Take eye-salue and applie it to any feasted part of thy bodie, it will neither helpe nor releuee thee of thy paine, but take that eye-salue and applied to thy eye, it will helpe and releuee thy eye. Euen so take mourning, and applie it to the losse of ritches, it doth no good, applie mourning to the losse of friends, it doeth no good, applie mourning to the losse of honour, it doeth no good: but applie the teares of mourning to thy feasted soule, it will doe good, it will bathe thy feasted soule, it will embalme and mollifie her wounds, and giue thee a true comfort in thy sweete Redeemer Jesus Christ.* It is onely he who will heare thy lamentations, consider thy distresse, and exhaust vp thy remorse in his mercy. When thou art wearied & faints, he is the true fountaine who will refresh thy wearied spirit, he calls vpon all that are fatigated and oppressed: *If any man be thirstie, let him come vnto me, and hee shall haue drinke.* How joyfull may the thirstie sinner be, to haue accessse to come and drinke of the true fountaine of life: heare yet againe what sweete consolation hee powres in thy heart by his Prophet: *I haue afflicted thee alreadie, and I will not afflict thee againe:* As he would say, there

John. 7.
cap.

Nahum.
1. cap.

THE ANATOMIE

Job. 18.
cap.

there shall not come from me a double tribulation. Now good Christian, how may thy troubled soule repose vpon this loving and infallible promise. Holy and constant *Job*, in the middes of his torturing grieffe, cries out to God, *Although he kill me, yet will I trust in him*: and to animate thee, and to giue thee more stoutnes, that in aduersitie thou be not overthrowne: The royall Prophet *David* cries to thee with great courage, *Expecta Dominum, viriliter age, & confortetur cor tuum, & sustine Dominum*: Trust in the Lord, and fight manfully, our Lord will comfort thy heart, and therefore abide his will, for the Lord our God will not leaue thee, hee will not depart from thee? what great confidence hath this holy man had in GOD, for in the beginning of this Psalme, he sayes, *Seeing God is the protector of my life, who can harme me*: And againe, with great assurance he sayes, *Si consistant aduersum me castra, non timebit cor meum: si exurgat aduersum me prelium, in hoc ego sperabo*, Giue whole armies were comming against me, I shall not care, but hope in God, then hee followes with this request: *I haue sought one thing of thee my God, that I may dwell all the dayes of my life in thy house, and that I may see the glory and beautie of thy Temple*. Then when this blessed man begins to thinke vpon the wondrous benefits of God bestowed on him with joy and gladnes of heart, he cries out and sayes, *What shall I render the Lord for all his benefits bestowed vpon me, I will take the cup of saluation, and call vpon the name of the Lord*: If wee poore ingratefull creatures, would meditate vpon the incompre-

comprehenfible loue of GOD of his long fuffering, and gentle patience. How flow is he to wrath, and how fwift is he to mercy, what wrongs doeth he receaue? *They haue* (faith he) *repayed euil for good.* Then when he perceaued their great vnthankfulneffe, their dulneffe and hardneffe of heart, and that all what he did, could not moue his people to turne to him. Then he cryeth out in great paffion, *O ye Heauens be aſtoniſhed at this, be affraied, and vtterly confounded.* And yet with more vehemence be his Prophet, he ſayeth, *Heare O Heauens, and harken O Earth, for the Lord hath ſaid, I haue nurished and brought vp children, and they haue rebelled againſt me: The oxe knoweth his owner, and the aſſe knoweth his maiſters crib, but yet my people knoweth not me: woe be to this ſinfull nation, a people loaden with iniquitie, a wicked ſeed, and corrupt children, they haue forſaken their Lord, they haue prouoked the holy one of Iſrael to anger, and they haue gone backward.* What an heavy lamentation is this, how grievous was this complaint to the Almighty GOD to make vpon baſe and filthy, wake and worthleſſe, creeping vermeine of the Earth, whom the twinkling of his eie, might haue deſtroyed, and with the ſmalleſt breath of his anger, brought an infinite number of worlds to nothing. *Who can ſtand before his wrath,* ſaith the Prophet *Nahum, or who can abide the fearceneſſe of his wrath? his wrath is poured out like fire, and the rocks and mountaines are broken with his anger.* How oft hath our finnes (even now in this preſent age) procured that heavy and terrible wrath of GOD, even that

P

wrath

Jere. 2.
cap.Eſay. 1.
cap.Nahum.
1. cap.

THE ANATOMIE

Esay. 64.
cap.

Esay. 60.
cap.

61. cap.

wrath, I say, which moues the Mountaines and makes the hilles to trimble. Look (good Reader) and thou shalt see how the sparkes of GODS furious wrath is spread through many parts of this world, we may with teares houle and lament, and with vexation of minde complaine and cry out with that holy Prophet, *Thine holy cities by waist, Zion is become a wilderness, and Jerusalem a desert, the house of our Sanctuarie, and of our glory where our forefathers praised thee, is brunt and consumed with fire, and all our pleasant things are waisted and destroyed.* How heavily doeth this man of GOD complaine, how doeth he bewaill this desolation and destruction, and in the bitter passion of his heart, he crieth out, *Wilt thou hold thy selfe still at these things, O Lord; what wilt thou holde thy peace, and afflict vs aboue measure?* As he wold say, wilt thou not take compassion vpon vs, and wilt thou not withdraw thy heavy wrath from vs? What, without all kinde of mercy shall we be vtterlie destroyed? No, not so, because in his superabundant loue, and wonderfull great pietie, hee comforteth vs, and saith, *In my wrath I haue punished thee, but in my mercie I had compassion on thee.* And yet farther with great regrate he maketh a sweete and comfortable promise, *Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man respected thee, I shall make thee an Eternall glorie, and a joy from generation to generation.* And what more will our GOD of mercie doe? *And they shall* (sayeth hee) *bulde the oulde waist places, and raise vp the former desolations, and they shall repaire all the Citties that were desolate, and waist through*
many

many generations. What great store of Consolation doeth this promise of GOD giue to vs? and with what meeknesse of heart doeth he say, *Indignatio non est mihi*, I am not angrie, wrath is not mine, I will freely forgiue thee, I will forgett all thy finnes, and cast them behinde my back, I shall blot all thy wickednesse out of my memory, and beleeue me, I shall never thinke on thine offences any more. *Haue I any desire that the wicked should dye*, (sayeth our Lord God) *or shall he not liue, if he returne from his wickednesse*. And againe he perswadeth vs, saying, *Cast away all your transgressions, whereby you haue transgressed, and make you a new heart and a new spirit*. Let the teares of remorse purge the filth of sinne from our soule. O that we in all humilitie wolde consider, what and how many earnest perswasions our loving GOD hath laid, and still layeth before vs to turne home to him! Againe, hes our abominations and wicked life banished vs from his loue? O yet let vs not despare of his mercy! *Although our finnes were red as scarlet, God will make them white as snowe*. Come vnto me all ye (saith our Saviour) *that are wearie and laden, and I will refresh you*. And then he beginneth to reprove the sluggard, *Goe labour in my vyne-yarde, why stand ye all the day idle?* Although we come with the last, yet we will be rewarded with the first. Let vs throwe and cast away all hinders that lats vs and staies vs from GOD. Let vs (I say) in time mend our life, our good GOD will helpe vs, he will make all impossibilities, possible. *Marie Magdalen*, and *Marie* the mother of *James*

Ezek. 18.
cap.

Esay. 1.
cap.
Math.
20. cap.

Mark.
16. cap.

THE ANATOMIE

all the way, how carefull were they to gette the great stone rolled away from the sepulcher dore; and how soone they came to the dore, there they found the stone rolled and turned away. Even so in this happy journey of our conversion. Let vs cast away all worldly cares, and take vp our crosse and follow Christ, *His yocke is sweete, and his burthen is light, we shall not walke in darknesse*. Let vs say with S. Augustine, *Et tu Domine vsque quoquam diu? quam diu? Cras & cras, quare non modo? quare non hac hora? finis est turpitudinis meæ*. O Lord, how long wilt thou suffer me thus? How long? How long? shall I say to morrow, to morrow, why should I not convert now? Why should there not be an end of my filthy lyfe, even at this very instant? And let vs all say with the holy Prophet *David*, O Lord create a new heart in me, and renew my spirit, and that we *May cast off the ould man, and put on the new man*. O Lord giue vs grace hereafter that we may walke circumspectly, and not like mad and insolent fooles, in ignorance, blindnesse and errour, that we may redeme the time that we haue spent in sleuthfulnesse, and idlenesse. *Try me, O GOD, and search my heart, (saith David) proue me, and examine my thoughts: Consider if there be any way of wickednesse in me, and then O Lord lead me in the way of eternitie*. I pray GOD let vs never like dogs turne to our vomit, stay still with vs O Lord, because it is neere the night. When S. Peter saies, *And if the righteous scarcely can be saved, where shall the vngodlie and the sinner appeare*. What a perellous speech is this, for vs poore and miserable

Ephes.
4. cap.
Ephes.
5. cap.

1. S. Pet.
4. cap.

rable finners, who still heapes sinne vpon sinne. Therefore deare brother, let vs cry, O Lord enter not into judgement with vs, take all our finnes and iniquities, and bury them in the bleeding wounds of thy dearly beloved Sonne Iesus Christ. Let the temporall punishments of this life, deliver vs, and redeme vs from the eternall paines of hell. Let vs all say with S. Austein, *Hic vre, hic seca, vt in eternum parcas.* O good GOD mollifie our hearts, and let vs not be hardned when we heare thy voyce, giue vs that strength of grace, that the filthy vapors of our finnes extinguish not thine holy spirit in vs. *Da seruo tuo Domine cor docile:* Giue vnto thy servant, O Lord, a tractable heart to receaue instruction. And O GOD we pray thee to remember thy promise, *Ad quem respiciam nisi ad pauperculum & contritum corde & timentem sermones meos?* To whom will I haue regard, or shew my fauour, but vnto the poore and humble of heart, vnto the contrite spirit, and to such as trimble at my speeches? Thou never yet, O Lord, despised the sacrifice of a contrite heart. So long as the sinner remaines within the darkned and misty vapors of all wickednesse, he can not beholde the odeous and vylde leprosie, nor the filthy apparell which sinne cleideth his soule with all, the devill blinds him: but when he reteares himselfe from wickednesse, and walkes on the faire way of Repentance, or when he stands vpon the Mountaine of Amendement, and then lookes forth from the turrat of a good-life, beholding the filthy shape, and the ougly portrate of sin,
 O how

Esay.
 66. cap.

THE ANATOMIE

1. cap.

O how will he then detest himselfe that hath bene so long fwatring in that filthie myre, in that stinking puddle of sinne, putrified with all abhominations, and how loathsome will such company be to him thereafter, he will eschew them as a contagious pest, and say with the Prophet *David*, *Discedi te à me omnes qui operamini iniquitatem quoniam exaudivit Dominus vocem fletus mei*, Goe from me all ye workers of iniquitie, because my GOD hath heard my weeping voice, and hath received my prayer; or else he will intreate the wicked man with gentle perswasions, with good examples, and loving admonitions to shake off that filthie and contagious habite which infects the soule, and keepes him back, and debarres him from the loue of GOD, and makes the Death of Christ to be for him in vaine. S. *John* the Evangelest sayeth, It is onely to them who beleeveth in him, that hee hath given power to be the sonnes and children of GOD. It is most sure that onely want of faith maketh the sinner obstinate, he is a lyer and can not beleue in GOD. O thou poore and distressed creature looke vpon thine owne miserable estate, how thou gallops post to hell, and will not looke back but goeth on thy cairlesse journey! When we walke alone on the fields, when we walk solitare in our chalmer, when we ly in our bed, will we but meditate vpon the fearfull and terrible Majestie of GOD (whom all the Heavens can scarce containe) of his vnspeakable glory, of his Almighty power. And it is onely this great and Omnipotent *Jehouah* that we offend,

To

To thee onely haue I sinned, saith *David*. And let vs remember how for the eating of a fillie apple, contrare the Lords commandement, he condemned all mankinde, and nothing could appease his wrath, nor yet ranfome the world, but the bloud and death of his owne dearly beloved Sonne Iesus Chrif. When wee thinke on this feueritie, and of GODS terrible anger againft sinne, how loath fhould we be to offend GOD, and yet in very contempt of GOD the wicked man will perfeveir in all kinde of wickedneffe, and ftill deferre his Repentance, till at laft there fhall be no time given him, yea, not the halfe quarter of an houres minute granted to him. Heare how the Prophet *David* faith of fuch men, *Convertentur ad vefperam, & famem patientur vt canes & circuibunt civitatem*: And in the evening they fhall convert, they fhall runne about the Cittie, and barke like dogs, they fhall houle for meate, but furely they fhall not be fatisfied. O that in time we wold take heed to this wofull fpeech! And what more? GOD will mock them, and hold them in derifion. It is to thefe that our Saviour will fay, *Nefcio vos*, I knowe you not. Why? Because you had no Oyle in your lampes. And when he hath knowen them, and all their wicked deedes (which fhall be accufers of them, and laid open to beare testimonie againft them) O what will he then fay to them? *Ite malidicti in ignem æternum*: Goe you accurfed vnto the eternall fire of Hell. And befides all this, remember the fharp reckoning muft be made, when the leaft idle word we

*Mat. 25.
cap.*

THE ANATOMIE

we speake, we must giue a count of it. O GOD according to the multitude of thy mercies, be mercifull to vs miserable finners, in that fearfull and terrible day of judgement. In time convert vs O Lord, and we shall be converted. How happie is that man who can withstand the dangers of this life with a well resolved minde, and still calles on GOD to assist him in all his actions, for the temptations of this world, are many, and wondrous strong. The devill is subtle, and we are easily insnared, and this our flesh is exceeding subject to many infirmities. So that without Gods helpe we are not able of our selues to fight. Then with the Prophet *Dauid*, Let vs all say, O Lord fight for vs, how feeble, how weak, and faint-hearted are we? When the least blast of affliction ruines all our strength, we can not stand after we ar raised vp, but presently falles againe and turnes to our former wickednesse, notwithstanding of our repentance, and promiseist amendement. We haue no force to command our selues. We perish in our owne passions, and most cowardly yeeldes to all sorts of finnes. Thus are we made slaues to our owne infirmities, in so far that we make no kinde of resistance to the smallest motion. Concerning the passion of anger S. *Paul* writting to the *Ephefians*, he sayeth, *Be angry, but sinne not, neither let the Sunne goe downe vpon your wrath.* This passion of anger is exceeding perillous, for in that time that it doeth possesse the heart, it careth for nothing, nor hath no respect to thinges present, nor thinges to come: the fury of anger is
the

4. cap.

the highest degrie of self-madneffe. The *Italian* speaking of the nature and condition of anger, He sayeth, *Ira è breve furor, è chi nol frena, è furor longa, che el suo possessore spesso à vergogno è talhor mena à morte*, Anger is a short furie, and to him who will not brydle it, it is a longsome furie, which bringeth the possessor, either to shame or death. That happie and learned Father Saint *Augustein*, makes a very godlie and religious discourse in his conflict of vertue and vyce; first he maketh anger to speake, *Quæ æquanimiter erga te ferri non possunt hæc patienter omnino tollerare peccatum est, quia nisi eis cum magna exasperatione resistatur, contra te deinceps sine mensura cumulantur*: Who will not behaue themselues well towards you, it is a sinne to suffer such wrongs with patience, because if thou resist them not with great bitterneffe, and malicious hatred of heart, they will (without all kinde of measure) heape more vengeance on thee. But deare Christian, heare how he maketh Patience to answer, *Si passio Redemptoris ad mentem reducitur, nihil tam durum quod non æque toleretur, quanta enim sunt hæc quæ patimur comparatione illius? ille opprobria, irrisiones, contumelias, allapas, sputa, flagella, spiniam coronam, crucemque sustinuit, & nos miseri vno sermone fatigamur, vno verbo deijcitur*. But if thou woldest call to minde the Passion of our Maister and Saviour Jesus Christ, there is nothing in the world so greivous or heavie that thou woldest not suffer: Alas, what can we suffer in respect of him, he suffered shame,

Q

and

THE ANATOMIE

and mocking, contumelies, buffets, spitting in his face, scourges, and the crowne of thorne; and last of all, he was crucified: and we poore soules are over-throwne with simple speech, a word casts vs downe. O what a bright mirror may the Patience of Christ be to man, even in his greatest wretchednesse and misery. Let him call to minde the Passion of our Saviour, and then we shall see what great oddes is betwix his suffering and our suffering. It is onely the example of such a kinde and loving master, will giue thee patience, if thou confidest in Christ and art a true Christian, *Doctrina viri per patientiam noscitur*. Againe, will we deeply consider, and we shall finde that in this tranſetoreous life, that our estate is but meere misery, and a continuall change of sorrow; so our best is not else, but vexation of minde, and grief vpon grief. We are heere in this world like the diseased creature, warbling, and still turning on a bed of sorrow, burdained with sicknes, and can finde no repose, no satled lare, nor no rest to our restless tortring-tribulations. Or we are here like the wearied *Pilgrim*, who in many forraine Countries, far from his owne soyle, liveth exiled from his naturall home, and still wandering through many strange parts, in fundry perels, and divers dangers of his life, spending his dayes, and most parte of his nights in restless travell, he walketh the solitary deserts, and wanders along the spacious wildernesse; some-times oppressed with the vehemency of heat, and some-times tormented with the extremity of colde, when charitable harts
affords

affords him hospitality, and refreshment to his hungry bowels, how contented will he be, and how welcome will that rest and repose be, then he be-
ginneth to recall his past perrels to a reckoning, when all his paines are turned to pleasure, and when his longsome journey ends, which brings an end to all his miseries, when his fatigations is refreshed, and his peregrinations hath no farther course, then rypeth he a fruitfull harvest, a joyfull season, and all the wearied *Pilgrims* paines are transformed in pleasure. We are all on earth going our pilgrimage, toasting and tumbling vpon the large and depe Seas of this world, threatned with the devouring gulfes of temptations, and still allured with the glittering vanities of this present life. Christ Jesus being our carefull Pilot, he crieth to vs poore passingers, and bids vs take heed to our journey, that we perish not in our passage, but that we may be still earnest and watchfull, how to arryue to that saif harbery of all tranquillitie, that heavenly and eternall joy, which shall finish all our troublesome travels. How may the thought of this progresse make vs to hate, to disdaine, and contemne the vain-glory of this world. O how should we close our eies, and winke at such abuse, such superstitious vanities. Tell me, who ever lived in greatest pompe? or who ever yet (to this houre) had most command over this world, but was forced to dye, and after death, be (as it were) quyte forgotten. Holy *Job* sayeth, *That their memory should be like ashes, troad vnder foote.* And the Prophet *Da-*

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vid faieth, *That they should be as dust blown abroad with the winde*. For what is all our glory? or what is all our ornaments? Noght else but filth. Our filkes and velvots which we wrap our selues in, is noght else bot the excraments of wormes, and all our estimations are but borrowed from beasts, our ritches comes from the centure of the earth. And so all this that makes vs proud is but very filth. Then what art thou, O man? Or what shall I compare thy self to? to noght else but to dust, and all thy glory is but earth & dust, blowne before the winde, thou art a masse of earth, wraped vp in earth. This made the wisdom of GOD say to mankinde, *Quid superbit terra et cinis?* Why doeth earth and dust become proud? When we haue tryed all things in this world, then with experience we will say, all things are vanishing like smooke, & nothing is durable except the glory of GOD, all must turne to noght. What then shall rest to that soule who trusts in this earthly Paradise? Let his terrestiall estate first consider the sight of the star-spangled-heavens, the glorious Sun, the light-borrowing Moone, the bewtie of women, delicat meates, favory gufts of sweet frutes, pleasant harmonies of fine & wel-sounding instruments, odeferous and fair floorished gardens, braue buildings, lassivous danfing, mirry companions, quick-witted-discourses, and many more pleasures, all must end, all must be changed: Heare this Proclamation, *The voice of God said, Cry: and the Prophet said, O Lord what shall I cry? Cry out, that all flesh is grasse, and all the glory thereof is like the flower on the field:*

Esay.40.
cap.

field: the grasse widreth, and the flower faideth. The Prophet *David* faith, *Vniversa vanitas, omnis homo vivens.* And what said great king *Salomon* in the top of his glory, *All was but vanitie of vanities.* And *S. James* calleth our life nocht else but a vapor. How swiftlie are we gone, some by one meanes, some by other, man against man, beast against beast, every one becomes a prey to other, all must pay that doubtlesse debt of Death, no creature can escape, there is nothing more certaine, & there is nothing more vncertaine; we knowe not when, nor where, because *statutum est omnibus semel mori*, it is ordained that we shall all once dye. Then in our greatest mirth let vs ever say to our selues, *Memento homo quod pulvis es, & in pulverim reverteris.* O man, remember that thou art but dust, and in dust thou shalt returne againe. It is said of the ambitious wretch,

Mendicant semper avari.

T*He mal-content hunts Fortune here and there,
His euer-tortring-thoghts disturbs his braine,
Till all his hopes he drown'd in deepe despare,
Then Time tels him his travels are in vaine.
O earthly-wretch, what glory canst thou gaine?
When fruteles-labor thy short life hath spent:
A resiles minde with stil-tormenting paine,
Even whom a world of worlds could not content.*

*From such base thoghts heavens make my heart aspire,
And with a sweete contentment crowne desire.*

Let

THE ANATOMIE

Let vs beholde, and we shall see how in one day, (yea, even in one instant time) some making riotous bankets, some triumphing in all pleasures, some going to the scaffold to be executed, some women travelling with childe, & with great paines bringing their children to the world, some lying in fore sicknesse, expecting death, the prisoner in bonds, looking when he should bid his last fair-well to the world, some carying their children with honour to receaue the *Sacrament* of *Baptisme*, the bryd-grome going with his bryde to solemnesse Matrimony. And againe, at that same instant, we shall see mornfull companies, celebrating the funerall of the death, carying the dead carcatches, both of age and youth to the graue. It may truly be said of our inconstant estate.

Læta sit ista dies nescitur origo secundi

An labor, an requies, sic transit gloria Mundi.

Sometimes are we merry, and sometimes are we sad, *Nunquam in eodem statu*. We are not partecpant of the secrets of GOD, It is onely his providence directs vs, we knowe not what suddaine change may come, such a swift course hath Time, and in this meane-time, the glory of this world goeth away, the most part of our life is spent in sleep, and how many in their mid-age is taken away, scarce are we come in the world, when we returne againe to the graue, very few comes to the period of Nature. O when we truly thinke on Death, and calleth to minde that perellous passage, how fearfull is it, and what a strange horror brings it to the heart
of

of mankinde, and cheefly to the vnresolved, who lives in all liberty of pleasure, environed with all worldly contentment, *O mors quam amara est memoria tua homini pacem habenti in substantiis suis*: O Death how bitter is thy memory to that man who hes hurded vp ritches? how loath will he be to leaue his beautiful buildings, his faire allurements, and his many pleasures? What a greefe is it to his heart that he must departe and leaue them all behinde, and he needs must goe and compeir before that great and terrible Judge to giue a sharpe reckoning how he conquest all that ritches. *O man thinke on thy end and thou shalt neuer sinne*. Remember that thy glasse shall once be runne, and that thy Sonne shall set, and the horror of Death shall over-shadow thee, and that there shall no pleading be heard after sentence is once given, *Quia ex inferno nulla est redemptio*, Thy paines shall haue no end, thy torments shall haue no diminishing. Therefore to you I call, to you that careles lives, and premeditats vpon mischief, and how to execute the damnable exploits of the ever-laboring minde. To you who are the ritch-gluttons of this world, and to you who feeles not with what sence I speik, consider from whence you came, where you are for the present, and where you shall goe. You are here on Earth, *Vbi spectaculum facti estis Deo, angelis & hominibus*, where you are in sight of GOD, of Angels and of Men. Now when ye are going, looke well to your journey, your passage is all straude over with thornes, it is a perelous way, full of *Ominus*-threatnings,
planted

THE ANATOMIE

planted with an hedge of many prodegyous objectes, *Non est vitæ momentum, sine motu ad mortem*, There is no moveing of lyfe without a motion to Death. Liue well, that you may dye well. For looke in what estate you dye, so GOD will finde you; and as he findeth you, so he censureth you; and as he censureth you, so he liueth you for ever and ever. His decreit shall never be controlled, nor his sentence shall never be recalled. As a growing tree when it is cut downe falleth to that side where it did extend the branches when it was in growth; Even so if thou desirest to fall right, learne in thy growth to extend such frutefull branches as may sway thee to the right side, and make thee fall well. Sweete (saith Saint *Chrysostome*) is the end of the laborers, when he shall rest from his labors. The wearied traveller longeth for his nights lodging, and the storme-beattenship seeketh vp for shore, the hyreling oft questioneth when his yeares will finishe and come out; the woman great with childe, will often muse and studie vpon her deliverie. And he that perfitelie knoweth that his life is but a way to death, will with the poore prisoner sit on the doore-threshold, and expect when the Jaylor shall open the doore; every small motion maketh him apprehend that the commander with the serjants are comming to take him from such a loathsome prison. He looketh for death without feare, he desireth it without delight, and he excepteth it with great devotion; he acteth the last (and tragicall) parte of his life on a dulefull stage

stage before the eyes of the world, his gesture thirles the beholders heart with sad compassion, his words of woe seasoned with sighes, doth bathe the cheeks of the hearers with still distilling-teares, with a generall relation of his former wickednes, he giues a loude confession of his secret finnes, with weeping eyes, he calls for help of prayer, and like a hunger-starued begger, he howles and cries to that honourable housholder, saying, O good God open the gates of thy mercies to the greatnes of my miseries. Cast vp the Ports of thy vnspeakable pittie to my wearied spirit: receaue my soule in thy hands, and anoynt her feasted wounds with the blood of thy immaculate Lambe Christ Iesus.

*I*T's true indeede this age is very strange,
 For why? behold great men of ritch renowne,
 Time comes by turnes with vnexpected change,
 And from their Tower of pride doth pull them downe:
 Then what are we? but fooles of selfe-conceate,
 All what we haue stands in a stag'ring state.

*Wee weeping come into this world of cares,
 And all our life's but battels of distresse,
 Scarse is our prime when wintring age declares
 What weightie griefe our body doth oppresse,
 Bred with sinne, borne with woe, our life is paine,
 Which still attends vs to our Graue againe.*

*Then earthly slime wherein consists thy pride?
 Sith all thy glory goes into the ground,*

R

That

THE ANATOMIE

*That bed of wormes wherein thou shalt abide,
Thy fairest face most filthy shall be found:
Our sunne-shine joyes, time swiftly sweepes away,
This night we liue, and dies before the day.*

*Homo natus de muliere breui tempore viuens
repletur multis miserijs.*

CAn thou part from thy best beloved friends
to goe in a farre Country, and not remember
how it resembles the parting from this world to a
more strange place. When thou rises in the mor-
ning what knowest thou will chaunce thee before
night. And if thou escape the dayes perrill, what
knowest thou will chaunce before the morning:
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum, When
thou goest to bed, remember how it is the verie
image of thy graue: thy merrie companions are
parted, thy day being gone, and come is thy night,
thy riotous banqueting is finished, and thou in a so-
litarie retreat, puts off thy gorgeous apparrell, and
strips thy selfe naked to thy shirt: so the pleasures
of this inconstant world shall part, thou shalt be
stripped naked of all thy ritches, and shalt carie
nothing with thee, but a simple winding-sheet this
shall be, and this must be, *Vt hora sic fugit vita*:
Therefore euery day take a reckoning of thy selfe,
and euery moment examine thy actions. Mark thy
behaviour first towards God, and next towards thy
neighbour. Consider how the all-seeing eyes of
heaven lookes vpon all thy doings: and euer be-
ware

ware of that sinne which thou knowest to predominate most in thee, seek by all meanes to oppresse it and overcome it: take away all the occasions thereof, or else it with the rest of thy sins, will draw thee to hells fire, where nothing else is, but gnashing of teeth, and eternall horror. When thou hast committed any greivous sinne, haue thou a true repentance, a vnfained remorse, and that thy heart shrill within thee with angry grieve against thy selfe, then thou may be assured that the spirit of God worketh in thee: for it is a sign of true & vnfained repentance, when the sinner (without all kinde of hypocrisie) mends his wicked life, making first satisfaction to the great God by fasting and praying, making restitution to thy neighbour, giue to the poore for Gods cause, visite the sick, comfort and help the prisoner, and giue hospitality to the distressed stranger: *Is it not to deale thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poore that wander into thine house. When thou seest the naked, that thou couer him, and hide not thy face from thine owne flesh,* For in the poore miserable creature, thou seest thy selfe as in a Glasse: And what (sayes the Prophet) shall be thy reward, *Then shall thy light breake forth, as the morning, and thine health shall grow speedily, thy righteousness shall goe before thee, and the glory of thy great God shall embrace thee, &c.* Thy vpright conscience shall giue thee a great security of thy soules helth, thy mercies shall meet thee, & doubtlesse thy end shall be most happy: that blessed Euangelist S. John sayes, *Blessed are the dead, who dies in the Lord, because they rest from their labours,*

*Isay. 58.
Cap.*

*Reuel.
14. cap.*

THE ANATOMIE

and their works follow them. Now (good Christian Reader) I must end praying God that every one of vs all may haue an earnest consideration of our owne estate, what we are, where we are, and how we shall be heereafter: and once more I pray to our Lord God, that we may still remember (*hoc momentum vnde pendet æternitas*) that this little moment of our life, is the short space, whereon dependeth all eternity of eternall joyes, or else eternall paines: If wee haue bin wickedly enclined, let vs with the deepe of our hearts repent and think how the Axe is at the roote of the tree, and let vs all endeavour our selues with the grace of God, to amend our life, that our filthie nakednes may not be seene in that fearefull & terrible day of judgement, *Domine secundum actum meum noli me judicare, nihil dignum in conspectu tuo egi*: O Lord judge me not according to my actions, I haue done nothing worthy of mercy in thy sight. Cloath me with thy righteousnes, that I may appeare righteous before thy pittifull eyes. *Jesus esto mihi Jesus.* When the thundring voyce of thy Angels shall descend from the heavens, and cry out: *O vos mortui qui jacetis in sepulchris, surgite & occurrite ad iudicium Saluatoris*: O you dead creatures that lies in your graues, rise and runne swiftly to the judgement of the Saviour, who with all his glorious Saints and triumphing Martirs, shall sit in his throne of vn-speakable glory, and judge both the quick and the dead, to him be all honour, power, and glory now and for euermore, *Amen.*

FINIS.

THE SPIRIT OF GRACE

To the wicked finner.

ISAY. 55. CAP.

*Let the wicked forsake his wayes, and the vnrighteous
his owne imaginations, and returne vnto the Lord,
and our God will haue mercie vpon him.*

O Man the treasure of Gods glorious eye,
Thou art ingrate, and to thy selfe vnkinde;
Poore Caitiue wretch who sees and will not see,
Nor to eternall blisse will turne thy minde:
Rife floathfull rife, forth of thy senslesse sleepe;
And for thy finnes, go figh, bewaile, and weepe.

Heare how thy Saviour *Jesus Christ* doth call,
Come wearied and you burth'ned both to me,
Come, come, sayes he, I will refresh you all,
What sweeter words would thou haue said to thee?
Thou art that sheep, which wandring went astray,
Christ on his back will bring thee to thy way.

Thou finfull man is so with finne allur'd,
That pleasure of thy finne doth hold thee fast;
Thy wit, thy will, thy reason all obscur'd,
And now behold, forgets thy God at last:
Thou art intrapp'd within ten thousand snares,
And blindlins rins to hell, thou never cares.

The flying motions of thy minde still burnes,
And forward goes, her furie to fulfill:
Youth and desire, whose raging humor turnes

R 3

To

The Spirit of grace

To execute the horroure of their ill
With no les price, then with thy foule is bought,
And when all's got, they are but things of nought.

Both day and night thou doth thy selfe annoy,
To worke great mischief with thy owne misdeeds,
Lesse travaile farre would gaine eternall joy,
Which sweet reward, all earthly paines exceeds :
But thou art mad, and in thy madnesse strange,
To quit thy God, and take the devill in change.

At threatning ever fenslesse, deafe, and dumb,
Thou never looks on thy swift-running-glasse ;
Nor terror of the Judgement for to come,
But still thou thinks, thy pleasure can not passe :
All is deceit, and thou hast no regard,
Gods wrath at last, the sinner will reward.

To pray to God : why ? then thou art asham'd,
For sinne in thee shall suffer scandalies,
Thy rusty filth of conscience shall be blam'd,
Besides, thy foule hath spoil'd her faculties :
Thus doth the devill so hold thee still aback,
Euen to the death, and then thy foule doth take.

Alas poore foule, when God did first thee frame,
Most excellent, most glorious and perfit :
But since thou in that carnall body came,
Thy favour's lost, spoil'd is thy substance quite :
O that thou would repent, and turne in time,
God will thee purge, & clange thee of thy crime.

God

God is a God of vengeance, yet doth stay,
And sparing, waites if thou thy life will mend
With harmlesse threatnings oft he doth assay,
And oft he doth sweet words of comfort send :

If thou repent, his anger will asswage :
If not, he will condemne thee in his rage.

The sonne of God, he for thy sinfull sake,
To saue thy soule, with care he did provide,
Mans filthy nature on him he did take,
That he both cold, and hunger might abide :
He many yeers on earth great wonders wrought,
Still persecute, and still his life was fought.

When as his time of bitter death drew neere,
The agony was so extreame he felt,
That when he pray'd vnto his Father deere,
In sweating drops of blood he seem'd to melt :
Nail'd on the Crosse he suffer'd cruell smart,
When as they pierc'd his hands, his feet, his hart.

Great torment more was laid, on him alone,
For thee and all mankind who will beleue :
Thou was not bought, with siluer, gold, nor stone,
But Christ his life and precious blood did giue :
O let not then his blood be shed in vaine,
Whil't thou hast time, turne to thy God againe.

THE

THE SORROVVFVLL SONG
OF A CONVERTED SINNER.

JOB. 7. CAP.

I haue sinned, what shall I doe vnto thee? (O thou preseruer of mankinde.)

LEd with the terrour of my grievous finnes,
Before Gods mighty Throne I do compeare,
The horreur of my halfe-burst heart begins
To strike my sinfull soule with trembling feare.

Where shall I seeke secourse, or finde redresse?
Who can my fearefull tort'ring thoughts devorce?
Who can me comfort in my great distresse?
Or who can end the rage of my remorse?

I at compassions dore hath begg'd so long,
That I am hoarce, and yet can not be heard
Amids my woes, sad silence is my song,
From mirthlesse-me, all pleasure is debard.

O time (vntimely time) why was I borne?
To liue sequestred solitar alone
Within a wildernesse of cares forlorne,
Which grants no limit to my mart'ring mone.

My mart'ring mone with wofull words doth pierce
The aire, and next from hollow caues rebounds
This æquiux my sorrow doth rehearse,
And fills my eares with tributarie sounds.

These

These sounds discends within my slaught'ed hart,
And there transform'd in bleeding drops appeares
Next to my eyes drawen vp with cruell smart,
In water chang'd, and then distill'd in teares.

My teares which falls with force vpon the ground,
In numbers great of little sparks doth spread,
And in each spark my dolefull pictures found,
I in each picture tragick stories read.

I read Characters both of sinne and shame,
Drawne with the colours of my owne disgrace,
In figures black of impious defame,
Which painted stands in my disastred face.

I breathlesse faint with burthen of their woes,
Such is my paine it will not be expell'd,
Doe what I can, I can finde no repose,
All hope of help against me is rebell'd.

Gods mercie's great, I will expell dispaire
With praying still: I shall the heavens molest
Both night and day, vnto my God repaire,
He will me heare, and help my foule opprest.

The thought of hell makes all my haire aspire,
Where gnashing teeth sad sorrows doth out-found,
Where damned foules still boiles in flaming fire,
And where all endlesse torment doth abound.

S

Had

The sorrowfull song

Had they but hope, it might appease their griefe,
That in ten thousand yeares they should be free:
But all in vaine, despaire without reliefe,
Gods word eternall, most eternall be.

When as our Chrift in Judgement shall appeare,
Cloath'd with the Glory of his shining light,
And when each soule the trumpets sound shall heare,
They with their corps must come before Gods fight.

The Angels all, and happy troupes of heaven,
Incirkled rounds theatred in each place,
A reck'ning sharp of eu'ry one is given
Before the Saints, and Gods most glorious face.

The sloathfull sinner then shall be asham'd,
Who in his life would neither mend nor mourne
To heare that sentence openly there proclaim'd:
Goe wicked to eternall fire, and burne.

And to his blessed company, he sayes,
The Angels to my Kingdome shall convoy
With endlesse mirth, because ye knew my wayes,
Come rest with me in never-ending joy.

O let me Lord be one of thy elect,
And once againe thy loue to me restore,
Let thy inspiring grace my spirit protect,
With thee to bide, and never part no more.

Once

Once call to minde how deerly I am bought,
When thy sweet corps was spred vpon the Rood,
Thy suffring torment, my saluation wrought
Thy paines, thy death, and shedding of thy blood.

O seeke not then my foule for to assaile
Against thy might: how can I make defence,
Thy bleeding death for me will naught auaille,
If thou should damne me for my lewd offence?

Try not thy strength, against me wretched worme,
I am but dust before thy furious winde,
Nor haue I force to bide thy angry storme,
Then rather farre, let me thy favour finde.

I Caitiue on this earth doth loure and creepe,
I prostrate fall before the heavens defaite,
On thee sweet Christ with mourning tears I weepe
To pittie this my weake and poore estate.

My poore estate which rob'd of all content,
And nothing else but dolours doth retaine,
The treasure of my grieve is never spent,
But still in secret forrow I complaine.

Heare my complaint, mark well my words, ô Lord,
Thou searcher of all hearts in euery kinde,
Thou to my true conuersion beare record,
And sweepe away my finnes out of thy minde.

The sorrowfull song

I sacrifice to thee my Saviour fweet,
And patient God who gaue me leaue to liue
My fighting-teares, and bleeding heart contreit,
I haue naught else nor ritcher gift to giue.

Thou God the Father, thou created me,
And made all things obedient to mans will:
Thou Sonne of God to saue my foule didst die,
And Holy Ghost thou sanctifiest me still.

Thou Father, Sonne, thou Holy Ghost divine,
On my poore foule, let your ritch glory shine.

FINIS.



TO

TO THE ESTATE
OF WORLDLIE ESTATES.

Fol. 67.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

Eight stanzas—reprinted from “The Passionate Sparke,” &c. 1604.

OF A BEE.
MADRIGALL.

Fol. 68.^b

Two stanzas—reprinted from the same work.

HIS PASSIONADO,
when he was in Pilgrimage.

Fol. 69.

Quo fata vocant.

Twenty-five stanzas—reprinted from the same work.

Fol. 72.

FROM ITALY
to SCOTLAND his Soyle.

TO thee my *Soyle* where first
I did receaue my breath,
These mournefull Obsequies I sing
Before my *Swan-like* Death;
My loue by Nature bound,
Which spotles loue as dew,
Even on the Altar of my heart
I sacrifice to yow.
Thy endlesse worth through worlds
Beginning still begunne,
Long may it shine with beames most bright
Of vneclipfed-Sunne.
And long may thou Triumph,
With thy vnconquer'd hand,
And with the Kingdomes of thy *King*
Both *Sea* and *Earth* command.
At thy great Triple-force,
This trimbling world still stoup's;
Thy Martiall Arme shall over-match
The *Macedonian* troups.
And thou the *Trophees* great
Of glory shall erect,
The Confeins of this spacious *Glob*,
Thy Courage shall detect.

O

O happie Soyle Vnyt
 Let thy Emperiall breath
 Expell feditious Muteners,
 The excraments of wrath.
 With *Honor*, *Trueth* and *Loue*,
 Maintaine thy thre-fold-Crowne,
 Then so shalt thou with wondrous worth,
 Inritch thy ritch Renowne.
 In spight of Envyes pride,
 Still may thy florish'd *Fame*
 Confound thy foes, defend thy right,
 And spurne at Cowards shame.
 Amidst my sorrowing greef,
 My wandring in exyle,
 Oft looke I to that Arth, and saies,
 Fare-well sweete *Britains* Iyle.

TO THE GHOST OF THE

right Honorable JOHN GRAHAME

Earle of MONTROIS, sometime Vice-

Roy of North-Britaine.

T*Hy meriet great to Honor gaue a Crowne,
 In Invyes-spight thy spotles-Faith did shine;
 Thy stately Fame inthroned thy ritch renowne,
 And Deaths triumph hath made thy soule divine.
 Death kild thy mortall Corps,
 But not thy glorious Name:
 Whose life is stil with wings-born-up
 Of Honor, Faith and Fame.*

Against

Fol. 73.

AGAINST TIME.

SONNET.

Reprinted from "The Passionate Sparke," &c. 1604.

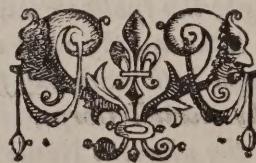
Fol. 73.^b

HIS DYING SONG.

Circundederunt me dolores mortis, & pericula inferni invenerunt me.

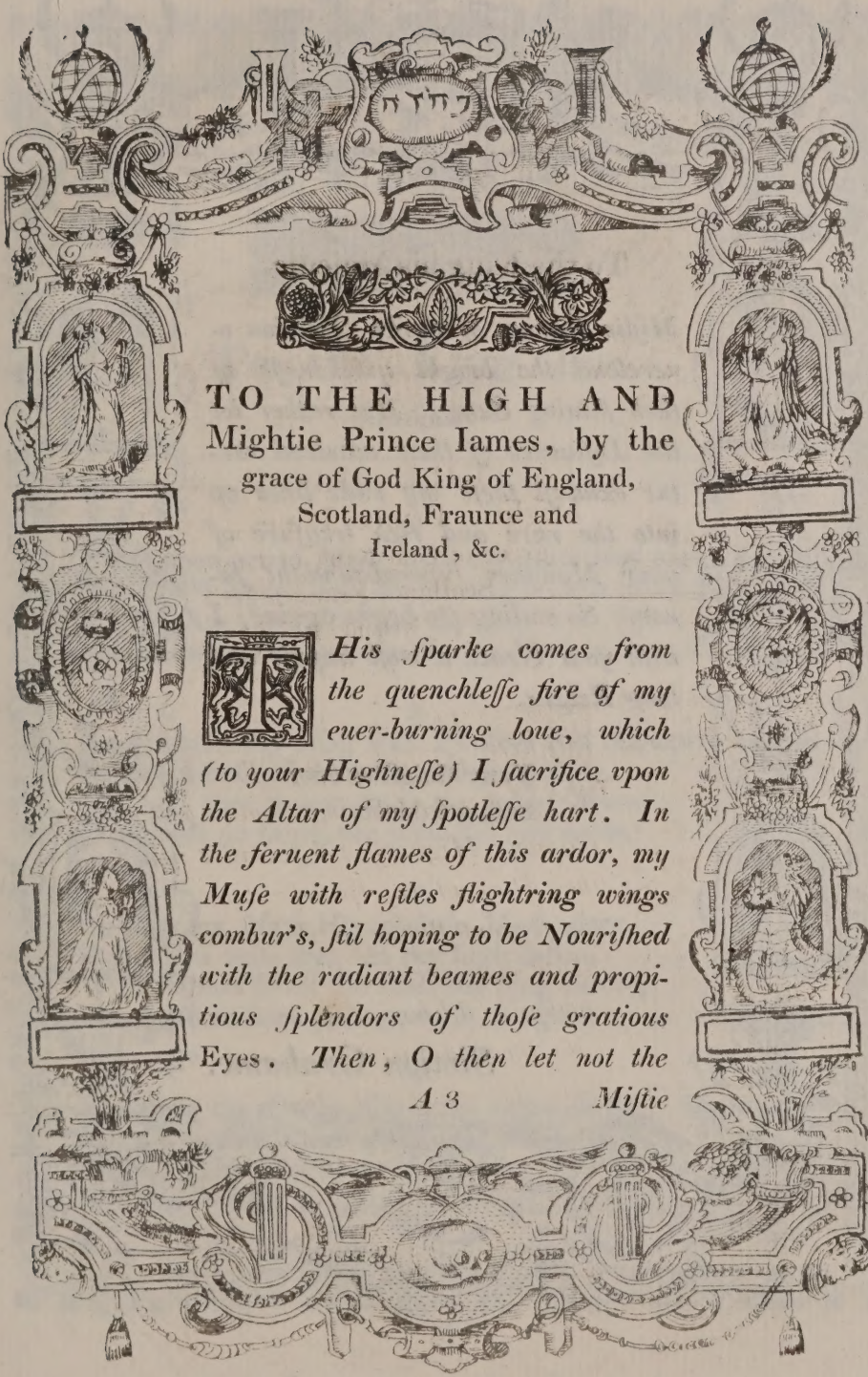
Nine stanzas—reprinted from the same work.

FINIS.





Floreat.

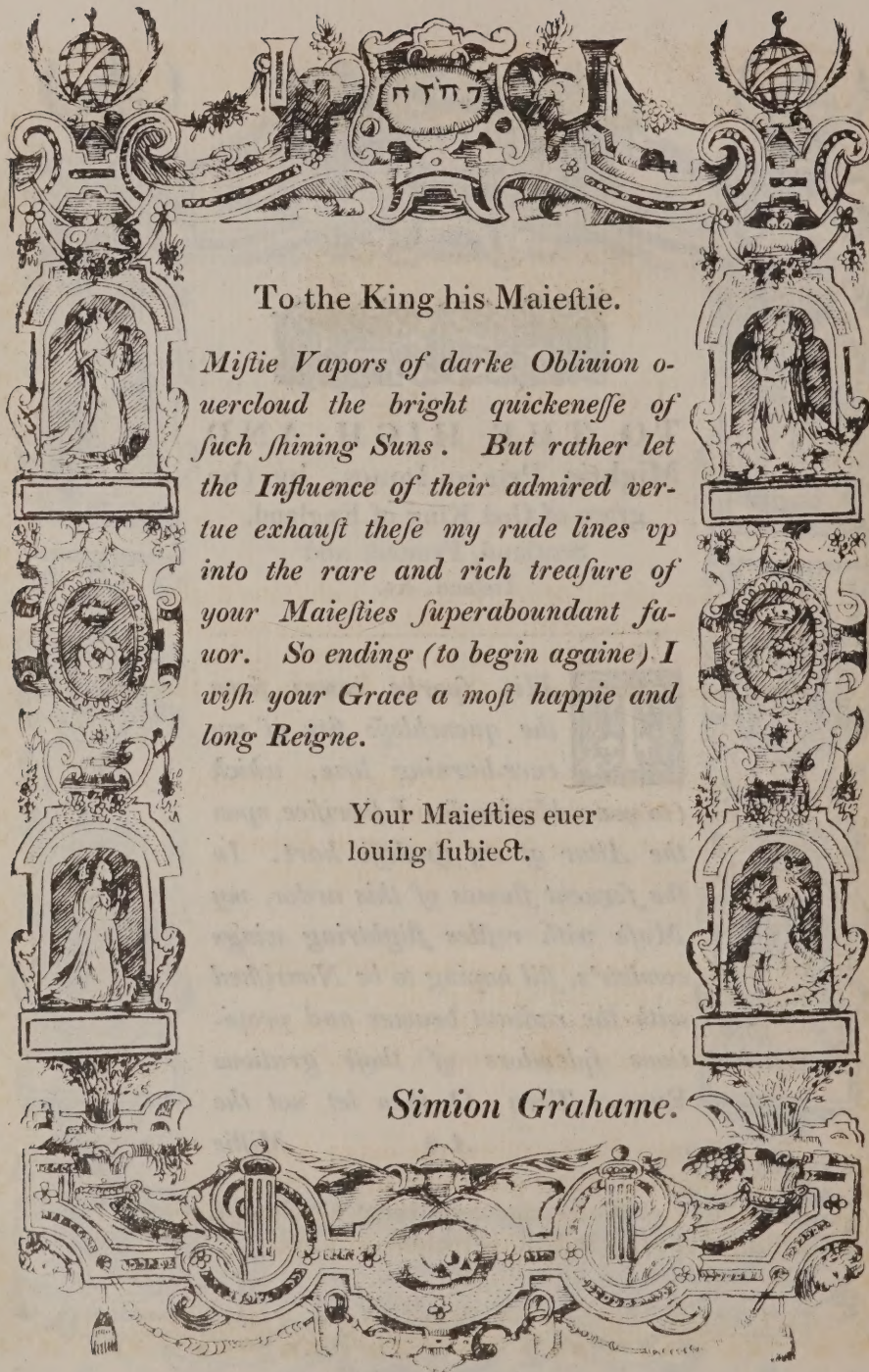


TO THE HIGH AND
Mightie Prince Iames, by the
grace of God King of England,
Scotland, Fraunce and
Ireland, &c.

THis sparke comes from
the quenchlesse fire of my
euer-burning loue, which
(to your Highnesse) I sacrifice vpon
the Altar of my spotlesse hart. In
the feruent flames of this ardor, my
Muse with restles flightring wings
combur's, stil hoping to be Nourished
with the radiant beames and propi-
tious splendors of those gracious
Eyes. Then, O then let not the

A 3

Mistie



To the King his Maiestie.

*Mistie Vapors of darke Obluion o-
uercloud the bright quickenesse of
such shining Suns. But rather let
the Influence of their admired ver-
tue exhaust these my rude lines vp
into the rare and rich treasure of
your Maiesties superabundant fa-
uor. So ending (to begin againe) I
wish your Grace a most happie and
long Reigne.*

Your Maiesties euer
louing subiect.

Simion Grahame.



To the King his
Maiestie.

1

GO thou proud *Muse*, with thy ambitious flight,
Let Wiſdome with her pleaſing plumes adorn thee,
If lofty thou ſhould'ſt ſoare thy ſelfe from fight,
What need'ſt thou care, the Worlds *Envy* to ſcorn thee?

2

Let Heau'ns thy Song with *Ecchoes* ſtill reſound,
A Royall Subiect doth thy wings vpholde,
And bids thee mount aboute the valted *Round*;
Loue hath no ſcope, bee prodigall and bolde.

3

Go then my *Muse* His mightie *Muse* adore,
Pull of the veile that hid thy high deſire,
With comfort ſweet ſhe ſhall thy ſong decore,
Her feathers faire giu's promiſe to aſpire.

4

Then like the *Larke* aſcend the azure Ayre,
With quiu'ring wings goe houer in the Skye,
Out blaſt thy *Notes*, and ſend them here and there
Filling his eares with this melodious Crye.

B

O

To the King

5

O Mightie King, Celestiall glory shine
Ouer thy *Crowne* and thy earth'ruling hand,
Let harts inspir'd thy happines deuine:
And let the World come stoupe at thy command.

6

Fame through this *Globe* most furious-like shall thunder,
Fraught with thy praise on *Vertues* worth to flee,
And choke the *Earth* with such admiring wonder
That potent Kings may come and honor thee.

7

Hartes shall consume of thy astonish'd foes,
To see thy rare and high stupendious street
All pauat (whereon thou sacred goes)
With *Crownes* and *Scepters* thrown before thy feet.

8

Why hear'st thou not thy smiling *Fortune* call,
And bids thee spurne that pleasure mak's thee stay?
Goe climbe her wheell, be not afraide to fall,
Thy strength but thinks this world a slender pray.

9

Seeke first thy owne, what force can thee resist?
A name with nought, makes all thy people rage
Like eager Haukes, reteinde vpon the fist,
Who cannot haue their hunger to asswage.

10

The apple stayes the simple Childe to weepe,
And doth appease his sobbing heart of harmes:
So flatt'ring songes luller courage fast asleepe,
And makes the Souldier throw away his armes.

Now

his Maiestie.

11

Now fits he wrapt vp in a warme furr'd gowne,
Ouer the fire with firme-fixt-gazing eyes:
There battels braue characters doth fet downe,
Hee apprehends which thought deceiuing fees.

12

An Armie there in bloody rage forth goes,
With furie for't, fwelde with reuenge and grieve:
And yonder flies their faint and feeble foes,
Heere standes some troopes cut of without reliefe.

18

Some Martiall men bewitch't with beauty rare,
Are intricate in laborinthes of loue:
And for't to trie in fancies flatt'ring snare,
What sweet-mixt-fowre or pleasing paines can proue.

14

Then Nymph-like-she with strange intifing looke
Doth so enchant the gallant minded men,
The bayte still hides the poyson of the hooke
Till they be fast, and thus betray'd, what then?

15

Poore captiue flaues in bondage prostrate lies
Yeelding vnto her mercy-wanting-will,
Shee in disdaine scornes all their carefull cries,
And *Circes*-like triumphes in learned skill.

16

With ambling trippes of beauties gorgeous grace,
Aurora-like in firie colors clad,
And with bright reflex of her fairest face
She tempting goes with brainficke humors lad.

Fearing

To the King

17

Fearing that if she should but looke below
Then beames would from her burning eyes descend
On *Iuory* brest, proud swelling hills of snow
Would melt, consume, and all their beauty spend.

18

And so she lets her curled lockes downe fall
Which do allure the gentle cooling winde
To come and play, still wrapping vp in thrall
Chaines of her haire, fonde louers hearts to binde.

19

Beautie in prime adorn'd doth feede the fight,
From crimson lipps sweet *Nectars* gust forth flowes,
Odor's perfumes the breath, not *Natures* right
White iuorie hands a sacred touch bestowes.

20

And when those pearle of Orientall-rankes
With treasure rich of tempting sound deuides
From two bright daintie mouing-corall-bankes
In-circkled eares calme smothering speeches slides.

21

Ech fencelesse fence on doting pleasure fast
Doth in a carelesse Register inroule,
Wishing that course of swift-wing'd *Time* to last
Which spots the spotlesse substance of the soule.

22

But oh beholde, Nature in morning weede
Wepes to be wrong'd with superstitious Art,
For what can braines of rare inuention breede?
Or what's vnfought which pleasure may impart?

The

his Maiestie.

23

The sharpest wit whose quicke deceiuing still
Makes restless musing of their minde to try
Vaine trifling snares, mixtur'd with Magicks skill,
So Art adds that which Nature doth deny.

24

And thus much more sweete *Syrens* songs she sounds,
To charme, coniure and tempt his listning eare:
Oh, then the poore captiued wretch abounds
In peruerse vows and monstrous othes to sweare.

25

By furious force of Fancy more than madd,
With fond desire in restless course hee hunts:
Blinde Loue can not discerne the good from badd,
When on the eye-plumde tayle of pride it mounts.

26

The curious minde makes choise of good or ill,
Then scales the fort of his engine to clym
Aboue the top of Art exceeding skill,
Perfect in that predominates in him.

27

Drunke with the wonders of a worthlesse worth,
From prospect of a looking glasse he takes
Strange apish trickes to set his folly forth,
Mockt with the gesture, that his shadow makes.

28

When foolish feates no waies will serue his turne,
All hope is drownd in despaires groundlesse deepe:
In restless bed (hee martir'd man) must mourne,
Thoughts, sighes, and teares admitt no kind of sleep.

Thus

To the King

29

Thus layes the conquest Conquerour of fieldes,
On his hurte harte he carries *Cupids* skarre :
The skirvie fainting Coward basely yielde
To idle Loue the enemye of warre.

30

Now trumpets founde, braue martiall musick turnes
To fiddling noyse, or ells some am'rous songe,
That glorious Fame her winges of worth now burnes,
When golden youth in prime must suffer wronge.

31

Thus gallant sprights doe quintessence their wittes,
Spending the rare inuention of their braines
On idle toyes, at which high honor spittes,
Nor memoriz'd memorials remaines.

32

What marble minde at this would not amaze,
To see the ambusht robberies and spoyle,
O Royall Sir, with conqu'ring eyes now gaze,
Conquer this losse that's lost in all thy foyle.

33

Goe, goe, and make the skirvie world to yelde
Which trembling stoopes, made feareful with thy force
Outspred an host vpon ech forreigne feld:
And from selfe pleasure, doe they selfe diuorce.

34

(But stay my Muse, recall this word of woe)
Thy selfe shall with thy second selfe abide,
The glorious issue of thy loynes shall goe,
His honor shall the proude earths honor hide.

It's

his Maiestie.

35

It's he the florish of thy Princely prime,
It's he that Kings are made for to adore,
It's he bewayles the slow and tardy time,
It's he that weepes there is not worlds in store.

36

It's he that with a greater courage com's
Than *Godfrey* did to sackt the Pagan *Turke*,
With trumpets sounds, & with great noise of drum's,
It's wondrous hee will set this world on wourke.

37

In his approch allegreat thy owne,
With mightie musicke of a martiall mirth.
Beholde thou mak'st great *Neptunes* pride be showne,
Adorning him with such a gorgeous birth.

38

Let matchlesse marching-castles with the winde,
In armies strong and stately troopes forth shine:
Now let them goe as harbingers to finde
Ech vnknowne coast, and tell them all is thine.

39

Looke on that power that potent thou commands,
In learned militarie art, and how,
Thy eager-harted ventring subiects stands
Wayting that gallant warriours word, Goe tow,

40

Then doe not stay victorious troph's to raise,
Let thy tryumphes through sea and earth be spred,
When thou art dead high Fame shall pen thy praise,
Of great renowne in volumes to be read.

Thou

To the King

41

Thou *Eagle* thou looke not on bafe fowles winges,
Out-ftretch thy owne and flye this world about.
Thou *Lyon* thou leaue beafts and hunt at Kinges,
From their vsurped dennes goe rouse them out.

42

Prowde Valor for the vangard fhall make strife,
And loftie fprights for Honor will aduance.
Let him be loath'd that loth's to loofe his life,
Or in thy quarrell skornes to trye his chaunce.

43

He will be firft who dying liu'd to fee,
This foyle thy right gouern'd with thy great grace:
And that blacke mift of vap'rous clowdes to flee
Which long obfcur'd the fplendors of thy face.

44

O, when he heard thy peoples ioy proclame
The righteous King, in their exalting cryes,
And when he heard them found thy facred Name,
He threw his hatte vp in the azure skies.

45

On the tow'rs toppe incarcerat he ftood,
And faid, O rare and fweete exchange in deede!
Thou fleetft on *Neptunes* dutie-paying flood,
Hatte, thou art loft, and I haue gainde a heade:

46

His Lady ftaide her fweete eyes filuer ftreames,
The hart-burft fighes which that deere dame did breath:
Thou with the radiant brightnes of thy beames
Expeld her woes, and his vntimely death.

Pittie

his Maiestie.

47

Pittie in thee doth *Pitties* felfe fūrpaffe,
With pittie heare thy peoples mourninge songes :
Looke in abuſe, as in a looking glaſſe,
Appeaſe this plague of their peſtif'rous wronges .

48

With treaſure rich and rare adorning giſtes
Of Juſtice ioynde with mercy both in one :
See how the wrongde complainer kneeling liſtes
His hands, his eyes, and fighes with martring mone.

49

He ſaies, O Sir, I would to God thou ſawe,
What numbers great, damn'd Ufurie doth kill ;
The ſnaky Lawyer with vnlawfull lawe
He ſuckes the hartblood of his Clients ſtill ;

50

His hopeleſſe ſhiftes will promiſe very fayre,
And take their ſoule, if that their ſoule were golde,
He robbes them firſt, then drownes them in diſpaire,
So poore mens right is to the rich men folde.

51

To come to thee, alas, they'r chokte with feare ;
Some are put backe, when kneeling on their knees ,
Doe what they can, before they get thy eare,
The bribrous *Minion* needes will haue his fees.

52

He takes in hand each ſute both great or ſmall,
And ſweares they'r ſure, yea to them ſurely loſt.
For firſt he tryes the value of them all,
And ſelles them quite to thoſe that will giue moſt.

C

When

To the King

53

(he telles

When dayes, weekes, moneths, and yeeres are spent
The King will no waies graunt your futes : farewell.
This whorles the poore man in a hundred helles
Both them and theirs to begge, to robbe, and steale.

54

O Heau'ns what filthie colors can I haue
To painte such vgly monsters in their kinde :
They flatter most when they would most deceaue,
Their hony tonges stinges with a vip'rous minde.

55

It's this vile caterpillers mischeifes-nurse,
That fills thy Commons full of sad complaintes,
Thou com'st to cure this strange consuming curse,
At which I know thy ruthfull hart relents.

56

I care not for the salty-ons enuie,
I know this phisicke makes his soule to smart :
O that it could both make him weepe and crie,
Whil'st Conscience-worme eates vp his giltie hart.

57

Spare not Reuenge, God sends thee to redresse
Long-suff'ring-greife, and rigor to remoue :
Treade down their heads that would the poore oppresse,
So shalt thou win and keepe thy peoples loue.

58

Still may thy loue with their true loue be bought,
Still may thy Crown bring Crownes vpon thy Crown,
Still may thy worth with wond'rous worth be wrought,
Still may renowne inrich thy rich renowne.

Still

his Maiestie.

59

Still maist thou reigne in happines and health,
And still mayst thou in being euer bee :
Belieue me, Sir, my loue is all my wealth,
And all that wealth I sacrifice to thee.

So only Loue hath giuen my Muse this flight,
And makes her come salute thy sacred sight.

FINIS.



Of a Bee.

*De l' Ape ch' Io prouai dolce, e crudele ,
Le ago nel core, nella bocca la mele.*

Madrigall.

Once did I see
a founding *Bee*,
Amongst her sweetned swarme
still would shee flee
and fauour me,
Then did I dread no harme.

Now whilst in *Nectred*-glory of her gaines,
Shee fitts and suckes the fayre well-florisht flower :
My sugred hopes are turn'd to bitter paines,
And lookt-for-sweete is nothing elles but fower :
Ah cruell sweete, *Bee* sweet and cure my finart,
Honny my mouth, but doe not stinge my hart.

FINIS.

To

To the famous Ile
of Glorious Britannie.

1

ON *Parnasse* hill whilst as I sit to sing
Of stately ioy, the streames that by me slides
Sweet comfort yeelds, from the *Castlean* spring
Whose murmure still in filuer veines deuides:
Then intricate with courses to and fro,
They seeme to turne whilst as with speed they go.

2

The Muses scarfe in circuit is fat downe,
When Laureat troopes comes kneeling mee before,
In humble shew each takes his Lawrell Crowne,
And sweares they shall this subiect all adore:
So am I forc'd by thee, O wondrous worth!
In warbling notes sweete comforts to send forth.

3

With nine-voyc'd mouth, my *Delphin* song I found,
Of all the world blest bee thou *Brittaines* Ile!
Thou, onely Thou within this mortall round,
On whom the Heau'ns haue lou'de so long to smile:
For *Phoenix*-like thou hast renewde by kinde
In getting that which lay for thee inshrinde.

4

Thy present time doth winter-blast dispaire,
At force of joy the barren branch decayes,
Long flourish'd hope now fruitfull is and faire

Whose

of glorious Brittain.

Whose lod'ned birth with burthen bowes the bayes ;
So downward tops, inclining still below,
Such homage to their owner do they shew.

5

Then Soyle in this most happie haru't your right
Ripe sweete desire, in spight of vilde Enuie,
So shall you with your Monarches-matching-might
Make earthly Kings to feare your conqu'ring crie :
The circuit of this spatious Ball at length
Shall yeeld vnto your armie-potent-strength.

6

As founds below relents the ayer aboue
That hideous noyse of thunderclaps may fwage,
So proud vsurping mindes shall stoope to mooue
The Lion redd to stay his roring rage,
Their honors high when he hath made them thrall,
Since with his force their forcelesse force must fall.

7

Hee threatens th' earth with such tryumphant might
That makes his foes afraid to heare his name ;
On Vertues wings oreshinde with honors light,
Borne through the world with euer flying Fame,
Which still the Eccho of his might resounds,
A terror threatning these terrestriall bounds.

8

His Scepter proud and his great conqu'ring hand
Will erect Troph's of high Triumphes on all,
Earth-ruling mindes stooping at his command
Adorn'd they are by him to bee made thrall.
So Monarch hee must cause ech potent King,
For him and his rich tributes for to bring.

No

To the famous Ile

9

No treafons gilt fuch threatnings can abide,
Nor Vipers vilde who eates their tongues to barke,
With feares confus'd muft needs their felues go hide,
And lye obfcure in the *Cemerian* darke,
From light debar'd to preffage *Plutoes* place
Where monftrous fpirits fuch monfters fhall imbrace.

10

Sweld with Enuie and poyf'ned great with grieve,
Moft ferpent-like fpewes vennome on their owne
Damn'd harts abhord whose mutins breeds mischief,
They with their felfe, their felfe fhall bee orethrowne.
So diu'llifh braynes brings reftleffe murther ftill,
They filthie frogs each one fhall other kill.

11

Then fubieets true on honors throne fet forth
No death your eternized life can end,
For famous feates ad's wonders to fuch worth,
And truth ftill doth a fhining light out fend
Whose glancing beames, reflexing heere and there,
By flowing quilles of Poets are made rare.

12

Now happie Ile fequeftred liues no more,
Since ioynde expell the excrements of wrath,
And let their foule ambitious factes implore
Their owne orethrow and well-deferuing death.
Rafe downe, tread on their turrets of enuie
Whose pride would mount aboue the valted skie.

13

The Register of Memorie beholde
How God of wonders, wondrous works hath wrought
When

of glorious Brittain.

When life past hope to treason he was folde,
Till threatning-death in dangers mouth him brought:
In such extremes deathes ambush was in vaine,
For Heau'ns strong hand did saue him still vnslaine.

14

All high attempts of deu'llish foes was foyld,
All hideous noise of horrors did asswage,
All tragike troopes of hellish thoughts was spoylde,
And rigors selfe gaue rigor to their rage;
Ensignes displaid whose terror them confounds
Whilst conqu'ring ioy victorious trumpet sounds.

15

The ship which death with tempests grief did threat'n,
And gulfes of seas was readie to deuoure,
When restlesse-mercy-wanting-stormes had beat'n,
At last came safe vnto her long-fought shore.
So heau'n now brings him to his hau'ning place
Still to succeed to him and all his race.

16

The vpright in each true externall thing
Bewrayes the force hart-burning-loue doth yeald,
For smiling lookes of such a gracious King
Shall make your loue with life and blood be seald;
Vnworthie to enioy this mortall breath
Who for this King or countrey feares their death.

17

The Altar is a spotlesse minde whereon
You sacrifice and offer vp good-will,
Loue yeelds the fuell from the hart alon
Which once inflam'd is quenchlesse burning still,
Then Martiall feates shall breed couragious strife,

In

To the famous Ile

In battels braue to trye a carelesse life.

18

Though the *Idæa* of your long desire
Vnfetled *Time* obscures him for a space,
Yet shall this *Time* with comming *Time* expire,
And then receiue fruition of his face:

Who Iustice seekes, his wisedomes eyes shall see,
With Reasons right each may contented bee.

19

So Spring-time comes, long dark'ned Sun com's out
All to renew that Winter blastes had spoil'd,
When sending forth his gorgeous beames about,
Hopes haru't expels which high dispaire had foil'd;
So hope triumphes, dispaire lies quite o'rethrowne,
Sweet *Soyle* thou hast which God hath madethine own.

20

Misconfter not his well-inclining-minde,
Do not mistrust, for triall lurkes in Time,
Why to his Kingdomes shall hee prooue vnkinde,
And glorie stayne of his adorning prime?

No counsaile can make him become so strange,
Nor earthly pompe his burning loue to change.

21

Murmour no more, nor bee not discontent
When constant Loue and spotlesse Iustice stands,
With eager piercing lookes for to preuent
All kinde of foule oppression in his lands.

This is the right inricheth his renowne,
This is the oath made to his royall Crowne.

22

And you whose long tormented hearts hath still

With

of glorious Brittain.

With cloudie miftes and darkenefse been obscur'd ;
You all the world with tragike volumes fill,
What woe's deuil'd that you haue not indur'd
Your *Register* this rigor may recall,
Shame, bloodshed, death, still captiues led in thrall.

23

In guiltlesse-him no crueltie doth dwell,
Nor from his mercy neuer sprang mischiefe ;
Your conscience read, and it shall surely tell
His hands are wash'd as causelesse of your grieve :
Then let the blood, the banishment and death,
Bee on their heads the Authors of your wrath.

24

What though a King? yet Kings are sometime forc'd
To yeeld consent with vnconsenting hart,
As from his will vnwillingly diuorc'd,
That no vprore should rise in any part :
Such is the onely prudence in a Prince
That 'gainst a murm'ring *Momus* makes defence.

25

Why doe not then degorge satyrike words,
Vsurping right thou shalt vsurpe thy braine,
For lo, nought else such foolish feates affords,
But diu'llish guerdon for thy greatest gaine :
And still thou shalt infamous make thy name,
When as thy end's to end in endlesse shame.

26

If Christian thou, then Christian-like abide
Till flowing fauour from his Kingly loue ,
By stately rule, thy fredome shall prouide,
When mindes remorse and mercy shall him moue,

D

So

To the famous Ile of Brittain.

So Conscience thral'd, made free and grieve is gone,
Then shall his Soyles contented liue in one.

27

And dark'ned clouds that low'rs vpon your heads
Giues place vnto the glori'us shining Sun,
Whose burning beames with radiant splendor spreads
A restless race not ending still begun,
To shew the ods 'twixt Heau'ns cælestiall light
And gloomy mist of Helles eternall night.

28

From treasure rich of Gods immortall store
Let feruent loue in firy flames descend,
And fill your hearts with pittie to implore
That Heau'ns preuenting-hand may him defend;
Let highest curse breath forth consuming woes
For to conuert or else confound his foes.

29

A gracious King whose mercie still abounds,
A gallant Queen by *Nature* made none such,
A Prince whose worth *Fames* restless trumpet sounds,
And Princeesse she I cannot prayse too much,
A King, a Queene, a Prince, a Princeesse rare
O *Soyle*, what *Soyle*, can with this *Soyle* compare.

30

Then happie *Ile*, in this thy happie day
Gods thundring voyce with harts relenting heare,
Whil't Heau'ns high troopes theatred in array
With founding joy before Christs throne compeare,
In consort sweet melodious songs to sing,
Liue liue great *Iames* most blest and potent King.

FINIS.

To

To Scotland his Soyle.

To thee my *Soyle* (where first
I did receiue my breath)
These Obsequies I sing
Before my *Swan*-like-death.
My loue by nature bound,
which spotlesse loue I spend,
From treasure of my hart
to *Thee* I recommend.
I care not *Fortunes* frowne,
nor her vnconstant *Fate* :
Let her dissembling smile
and triumph in deceate.
Curf'd be that man which hoords
his hopes vp in her lap,
And curf'd be he that builds
vpon her haplesse hap.
I tread on that blinde *Bawd*
and scorne hir fowre-mixt-sweet,
In spite of all her spite
I spurne her with my feet.
Now let her spet more wrath
(If any more yet bee)
Let horror of her hart
thunder at carelesse-*Mee*.
Then all the flatt'ring shoves
of *Fortune* I disdaine,
So farewell *Soyle* and friends,
a *Pilgrime* once againe.

FINIS.

His

His Pafsionado,
when he was in Pilgrimage.

1

THou *Phaeton* thy fiery course do'ft end,
and *Cinthia* thou with borrow'd light do'ft shine,
These woods their silent horrors doo out-send,
And vallies lowe their mistie vapors shrine;
Each liuely thing by Natures course doth goe
To rest, faue I, that wander now in woe.

2

My plaints impart these soli'd partes to fill,
Whil'ft roaring riuers send their sowndes among,
Each dreadfull den appeares to helpe me still,
And yeelds sad comforts to my forr'wing song:
How oft I breath this wofull word, Alace,
From Eccho I sad accents backe imbrace.

3

I will aduance, what feares can me affray?
Since dreads are all debar'd by high dispaire,
Like darke nights-Ghost, I vagabond astraye
With trobled spri't transported here and there;
None like my selfe, but this my selfe alone,
I martir'd Man bewaile my matchlesse mone.

4

You flintie stones take eares and eyes to see
This thundring greife, with earthquake of my hart,
That you may sigh and weepe with miser-Mee,

Melt

in Pilgrimage.

Melt at the tragicke commentes of my smart :
Let these my teares that fall on you so oft,
Make your obdurate hardnesse to be soft.

5

You liquid droppes, distilling from mine eyes
In christall, you my second selfe appeares :
Patterne of paine, how do'st thou sympathize
In visage wan, and Pilgrim's weede thou beares ?
And on those signes of discontent attire
Still doe I read, Debar'd from my desire.

6

This hairie roabe which doth my corps contain
This burden, and my rough vnrafed heade,
A Winter and a Summer haue I bin
In dangers great, still wandring in this weede ;
Loe thus the force of my disasters strange
Hath made me vse this vnacquainted change.

7

I am dri'd vp with dolours I endure,
My hollowe eyes bewray my restles night,
My visage pale selfe pittie doth procure,
I see my fores deciph'ed in my sight.
A Pilgrime still, my Oracle was so,
And made my name, *AH MISER MAN I GO.*

8

Now doe I goe, and wander any way,
No strange estate, no kinde of trau'ling toyles,
No threatning crosse, nor sorrow can me stay
To searche and seeke through all the forts of foyles :
So round about this *Round* still haue I run,
Where I began, againe I haue begun.

In

His Paffionado

9

In ftrangeft parts, where ftranger I may bee,
An outcaft loft, and voyed of all reliefe:
When faddeft fights of forrow I can fee,
They to my graue fhall helpe to feede my griefe.
If Wonders felfe can wofull wonders fhowe,
That fight, that part, that wonder I will knowe.

10

Thus doe I walke on forreigne fieldes forlorne,
To carelefse-*Mee*, all cares do prooue vnkinde,
I doe the *Fates* of fickle *Fortune* fcorne,
Each crosse now breeds contentment to my minde,
Aftonifh of ftupendious things by day,
Nor howling founds by night can me affray.

11

You ftately *Alpes* furmounting in the fkyes,
The force of floods that from your heights down falles,
There mighty clamors with my carefull cries,
The *Ecchoes* voice from hollow caues recalles: (der
The fnow-froz'n-clowds down from your tops do thun-
Their voyce with mine doth teare the ayre a funder.

12

And *Neptune* thou when thy proude fwelling wrath
From gulphes to mountaines mou'd with Winters blaft,
In anger great when thou did'ft threaten death,
Oft in thy rage, thy raging ftormes I paff,
And my falt teares increaft thy faltnes more,
My fighes with windes made all thy bowells rore.

13

The fpacious earth and groundlefse deepe fhall beare
A true Record of this my mart'ring mone;

And

in Pilgrimage.

And if there were a world of worlds to heare,
(When from this mortall *Chaos* I am gone)
I dare approue my sorrow hath bin such,
That all their witts cannot admire too much.

14

On the colde grownde my caytife-carcaffe lyes,
The leaueles trees my Winter-blasted-bed :
Noe *Architecture* but the vap'rous skyes,
Blacke foggie mist my weari'd corpes hath cled,
This lothsome laire, on which I restles tourne,
Doth best besit *Mee*-miser-man to mourne.

15

With open eyes Nights darknes I disdaine,
On my crof'd-brest I crosse my crossed armes,
And when repose seekes to preuent my paine,
Squadrons of cares doe sound their fresh alarmes,
So in my sleep (the Image of pale *Death*)
These fighting words with burthen bruf'd I breath.

16

I euer row'd my *Barge* against the streame,
I scal'd those steppes that *Fortune* did me frame,
I conquer'd which impossible did seeme,
I, haples I, once happie I became,
Now sweetest joy is turn'd to bitter gall,
The higher vp the greater was my fall.

17

What passing Follies are in high Estates,
Whose foolish hopes giue promise to aspire :
Selfe-flatt'rie still doth maske the feare of *Fates*,
Till vnawares deceiu'd in sought desire,
This breeds dispaire, then force of *Fortunes* change
Setts

His Pasionado

Setts high Eftates in dread and perrill ftange.

18

There fecret grudge, Enuie and Treafon dwelles,
There Iuftice lies, in dole-bewraying weede,
There flyding *Time* with alt'ring feates ftill telles
The great attempts ambitious mindes doe breed.
They who haue moft ftill hunt for more and more,
They moft defire that moft are choak'd with ftore.

19

Henceforth will I forfake Terreftriall toyes,
Which are nought ells but fhadowes of deceat,
What couer'd danger is in earthly joyes,
When vilde Enuie, triumphes on each Eftate.
Thou traytor *Time* thy treafon doth betray
And makes youthe Spring in florifh fayre decay.

20

What's in experience which I haue not fought,
All (in that All) my will I did aduance,
At higheft rate, all thefe my witts are bought,
In Fortunes lottrie, I haue try'd my chaunce.
So what I haue I haue it not by fhowe,
But by experience which I truly knowe.

21

Long haue I fearch'd, and now at laft I finde
Eye-pleafing-calmes the tempeft doth obfcure,
When I, in glory of my profp'rous winde,
With white-fweld-fayles on gentle feas fecure,
And when I thought my *Loadftarre* fhin'd moft faire
Eu'n then my hopes made fhipwracke on difpaire.

22

My light is darke, whil'ft I am ouerthrowne,

Poore

in Pilgrimage.

Poore filly Barke that did pure loue possesse:
With great vngratefull stormes thus am I blowne
On ruthlesse rockes, still deafe at my distresse.
So long-fought-conquest doth in ruin's boft,
And faies, behold, thy loue and labor's loft.

23

Since all my loue and labor's loft, let *Fame*
Spit forth her hate, and with that hatefull scorne
In darke obliuion sepulchrize my name,
And tell the World that I was neuer borne.
In me all earthly dream'd-of-joy shall ende,
As *Indian* herbes, which in blacke smoke I spende.

24

All-doting-pleasure, that all-tempting-deuill,
I shall abhor as a contag'ous pest,
I'll purge and cleanse my fences of that euill,
I sweare and vow, still in this vow to rest;
In sable habit of the mourning blacke,
I'll solemnize this oath and vow I make.

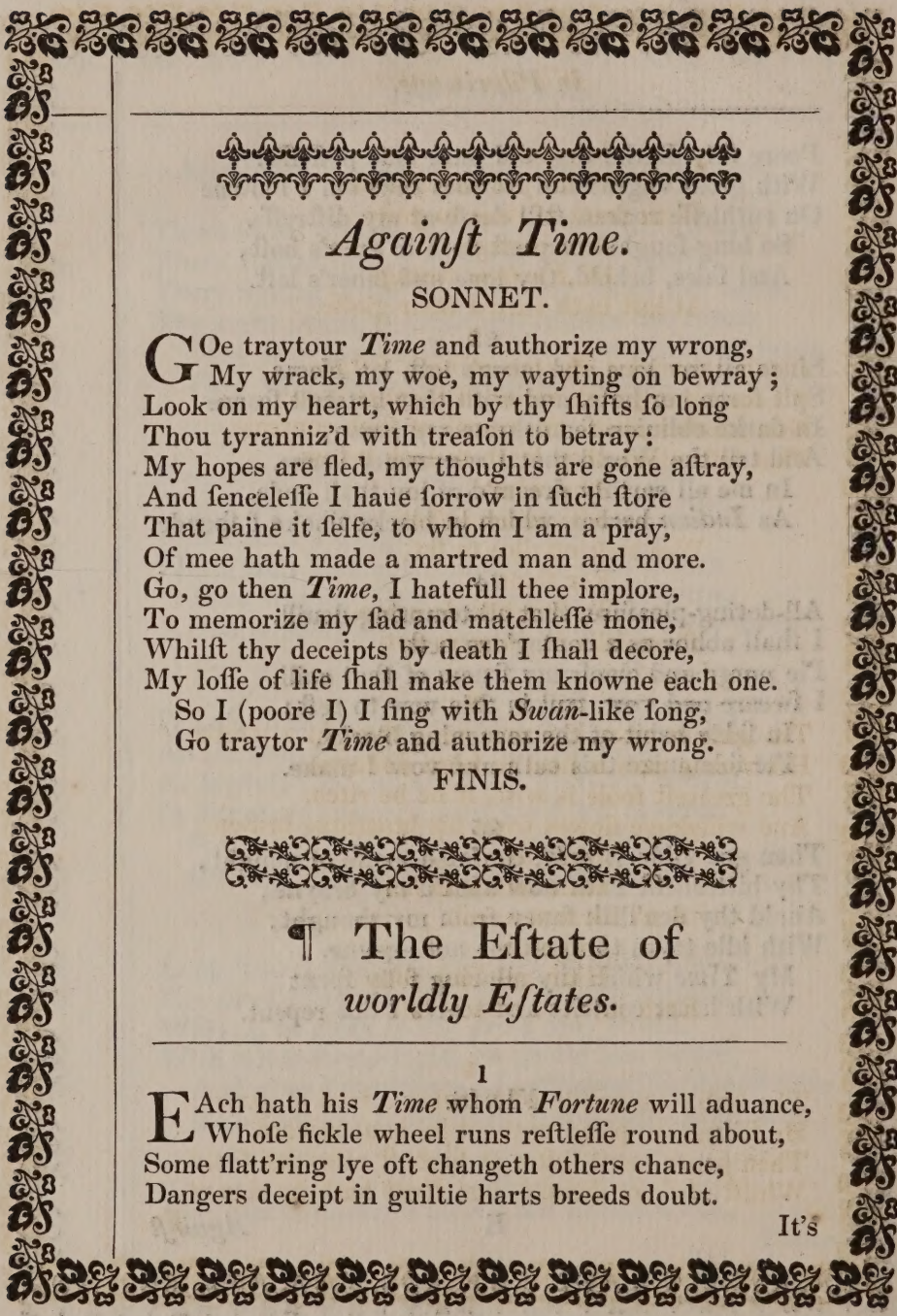
25

Then goe vilde *World*, confused masse of nought,
Thy bitternesse hath now abus'd my brayne,
Auoid thy deu'llish fancy from my thought,
With idle toyes torment me not agayne.
My *Time* which thy alluring folly spent
With heart contrite and teares I doe repent.

FINIS.

E

Against



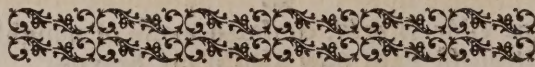


Against Time.

SONNET.

GOe traytour *Time* and authorize my wrong,
My wrack, my woe, my wayting on bewray;
Look on my heart, which by thy shifts so long
Thou tyranniz'd with treason to betray:
My hopes are fled, my thoughts are gone astray,
And fencelesse I haue sorrow in such store
That paine it selfe, to whom I am a pray,
Of mee hath made a martred man and more.
Go, go then *Time*, I hatefull thee implore,
To memorize my sad and matchlesse mone,
Whilst thy deceipts by death I shall decore,
My losse of life shall make them knowne each one.
So I (poore I) I sing with *Swan*-like song,
Go traytor *Time* and authorize my wrong.

FINIS.



¶ The Estate of *worldly Estates.*

1

E Ach hath his *Time* whom *Fortune* will aduance,
Whose fickle wheel runs restlesse round about,
Some flatt'ring lye oft changeth others chance,
Dangers decept in guiltie harts breeds doubt.

It's

Worldly Estates.

It's seene
What yet hath beene
With tract of time to passe,
And change
Of *Fortune* strange
At last hath turn'd their glasse.

2

Enuie triumph's on tops of high Estate
All ouer-hung with veiles of feigned show.
Man climbs about the course of such conceate,
That loftie-like, they loath to look below.

And what?
All's hazard that
Wee seek on dice to set,
For some
To height's do come,
Then falls in dangers net.

3

The gallant man, if poore, hee's thought a wretch,
His vertue rare is held in high disdayne,
The greatest foole is wise, if he be rich,
And wisedome flowes from his lunatique brayne.

Thus see
Rare spirit's to bee
Of no account at all.
Disgrace
Hath got such place
Each joyes at others fall.

4

The brib'rous minde who makes a God of gould,
He scornes to plead without he haue reward,
Then poore mens suites at highest rates are sould,
Whilst *Au'rice* damn'd, nor *Ruth* hath no regard.

For

The Estate of

For heere
He hath no feare
Of Gods consuming curse,
His gaines
Doth pull with paines
Plagues from the poore mans purse.

5

The furious flames of *Sodom's* fodaine fire,
With feruent force consume vaine *Pride* to nought,
With wings of wax let soaring him aspire
Aboue the starres of his ambitious thought.

And so
When hee doth go
On top of *Prides* high glory,
Then shall
His fodain fall
Become the worlds sad *Story*.

6

Ingratitude, that ill, ill-fauor'd *Ill*,
In noble breastes hath builded castles strong,
Obluion sett's-vp the *Troph's* that still
Bewrayes the filthie vildenesse of that wrong.

Ah minde
Where deu'llish kinde
Ingratitude doth dwell,
That *Ill*
Coequals still
The greateft *Ill* in hell.

7

On poysons filth contagious *Error* spreeds,
Heau'ns spotlesse eyes looks as amaz'd with wonder,
Their viprous mindes such raging horror breeds
To teare *Religions* virgin-roabes asunder.

What

Worldly Estates.

What then,
O wicked men,
And Hels eternall pray,
Go mourne,
And in time turne
From your erronious way.

8

(strife?

What course wants crosse? what kinde of state wants
What worldling yet could euer seem content?
What haue wee heere in this our thwarting life?
Ioy, Beautie, Honour, Loue, like smoak are spent.

I say,

Time goe's away
Without returne againe,
How wise!
Who can despise
These worldly vapours vaine.

FINIS.

His Dying Song.

1

Now haplesse *Hart*, what can thy foars affwage,
Since thou art grypt with horror of Deaths hand?
Thou (baleful-thou) becoms the *Tragick* stage,
Where all my tort'ring thoughts theatred stand:
Griefe, feare, death, thought, each in a monstrous
Like vgly monsters, muster in my minde. (kinde
Thou

His Dying Songe.

2

Thou loathsome bed to restlesse-martred-*Mee*,
Voyd of repose, fill'd with consuming cares,
I will breath forth my wretched life on thee,
For quenchlesse wo and paine, my graue prepares;
Vnto pale-agonizing-*Death* am thrall,
Then must I go, and answere to his call.

3

O Memorie most bitter to that man
Whose *God* is Golde, and hoords it vp in store,
But O, that blind-deceiuing-*Wealth*, what can
It saue a life, or add one minute more?
When hee at rest, rich treasures in his fight,
His Soule (poore Foole) is tane away that night.

4

And strangers gets the substance of his gaine,
Which he long sought with endlesse toyles to finde,
This vilde *Worlds* filth, and excrements most vaine,
Hee needs must dye and leaue it all behinde:
O Man, in minde remember this, and mourne,
Naked thou cam'st, and naked must retourne.

5

I naked came, I naked must returne,
Earths flatt'ring pleasure is an idle toy,
For now I sweare my very *Soule* doth spurne
That breath, that froth, that moment-fleeting joy;
Then farewell *World*, let him betray'd still boast
Of all mischief that in *Thee* trusteth most.

6

Burnt *Candle*, all thy store consum'd thou end's,
Thy lightning splendor threat's for to be gone,

O

His Dying Songe.

O how do'st thou resemble *Mee* that spend's,
And sighs forth life in fighting forth my mone?
Thy light *Thee* lothes, I loth this lothed life,
Full of deceit, false enuie, grudge, and strife.

7

I call on *Time*, *Tim's* alt'red by the change,
I call on *Friendes*, *Friendes* haue clof'd vp their eares
I call on *Earthly Pow'rs*, and they are strange,
I call in vaine when *Pittie* none appeares.
Both *Time* and *Friends*, both *Earthly Powers* and all,
All in disdain are deafe at my hoarse call.

8

Then *Prayer* flowe from my heart-humbling knees,
To the supream Celestiall Throane aspire,
And shew my grieve to Heau'ns all seeing eyes,
Who neuer yet deny'd my iust desire:
Mans helpe is nought, O GOD thy helpe I craue,
Whose spotlesse blood my spotted *Soule* did saue.

9

Then take my *Soule*, which bought by thee, is thine,
Earth harb'ring-worms, take thou my corps of clay;
O *Christ*, on mee eternall mercy shine,
Thy bleeding woundes wash all my finnes away.
Now, now I come to thee O *Iesu* sweet,
Into thy hands I recommend my *Spreet*.

FINIS.





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